BX
843
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1914

MENACE CARTOONS

FUN AND FACTS

First Performance

Some Pointed Paragraphs, the Which Was Scribbled to Scan

Compiled by Bruce Malcolm Phelps
of The Menace Staff

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THE MENACE—IT DID IT

Who put Aurora on the map,
And gives the "beast" a weekly rap
That makes him growl and snarl and snap?
THE MENACE.

Who put "tumult" in Tumult-y
In Rome inserted the "O me!"
And found the "men" in men-a-ce?
THE MENACE.

Who aptly named Card., Slippery Jim,
And every issue blacks his glim,
And then sits back and laughs at him?
THE MENACE.

Who's got the K. C.'s up a tree,
Who's got the pope's goat—yes, sir-ee
And the saintly (?) sister's pedigree?
THE MENACE.

Who knows this rotten Roman gang,
With oily word and poison fang,
From which the Iron Maiden sprang?
THE MENACE.

Whose force is working day and night
To tell the truth and tell it right
About this mangy treasonite?
THE MENACE.

Who's got a million subs in store,
And gonna get a million more
In six months—and perhaps before?
THE MENACE.

Say, son, who started this almighty scrap
In which some THING is gonna drap?
Why, bless your soul and body, Pap,
THE MENACE.

—*H. M. B.*

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"The Paper with the Punch."

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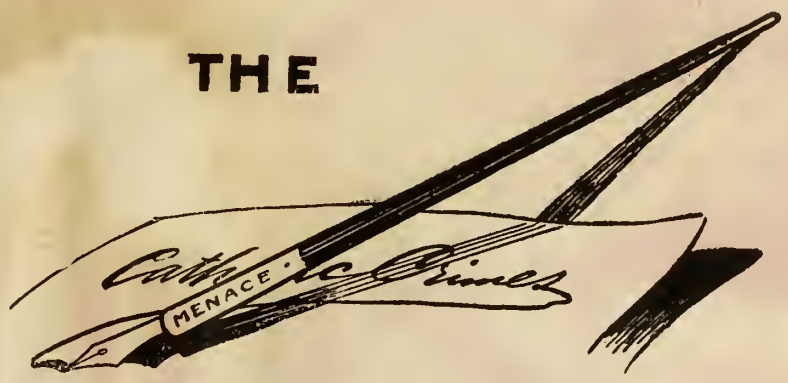
282
P311m

THE



IS MIGHTIER THAN THE

1 9 1 4
THE MENACE PUBLISHING COMPANY
AURORA, MISSOURI
THE WORLD'S LARGEST PUBLISHERS OF ANTI-CATHOLIC LITERATURE

ROMAN CATHOLIC
ACCRESSION
I see that I'll have to devise some kind of protection for that light if the wind gets any stronger.
LIBERTY
Peace

Courtesy of the Religious Telescope

ROMANISM EXTINGUISHING THE LIGHT OF LIBERTY

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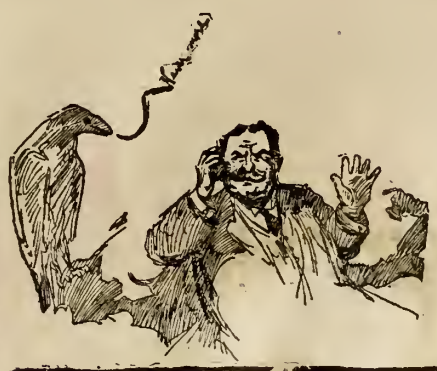
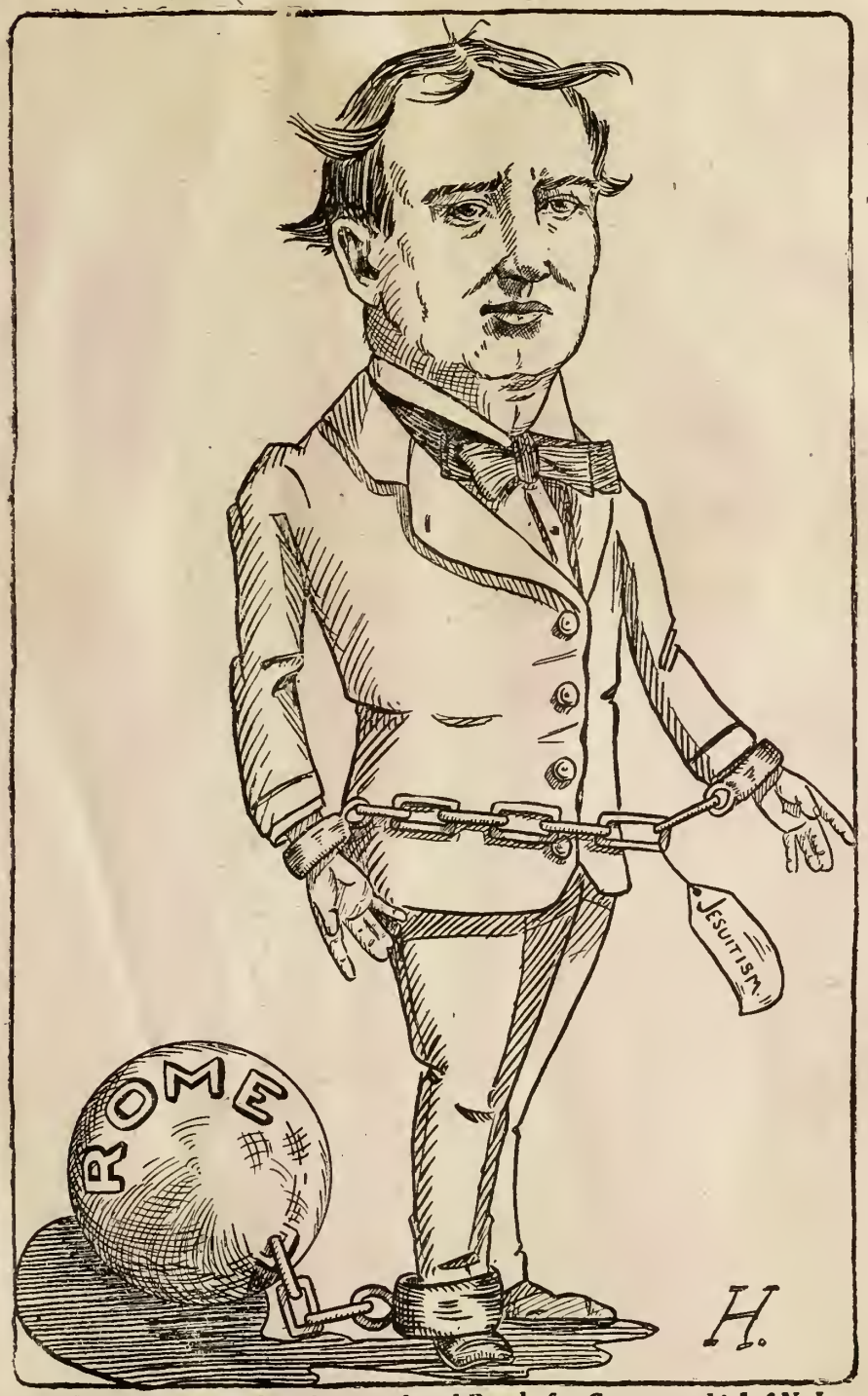


Inspiration From Poe's Poem

Out upon a midnight dreary,
As I pondered weak and weary,
As to whether I would be sent
To the Whitehouse for another four;
Suddenly I heard a tapping,
As if someone were gently rapping
Rapping at the Whitehouse door.
Then the raven he did splutter
Flopped and he did flutter,
And he said that I was done for,
Now and forever and ever more
Quoth the raven "walk out the door."



Joseph Patrick Tumulty, Groomed and Ready for Governorship of N.J.

Tumultious Tumulty

Have you read in the papers of the wonderful man,
That's guiding our people aright?
The man of the hour, of Shannon's great clan,
That's first in the nation's limelight?
His name is Tumulty.

His ways and clothes, even the tilt of his nose,
Before us Ad Nauseam is spread:
For account of his footsteps wherever he goes,
We depend for our meat and our bread
On Joe Tumulty

He is as fair as a maiden ,and fresh as the dew.
This wonderful newspaper pet;
And now we make this statement to you,
Do all you can, be as good as you can, and yet
You've got to see Tumulty.

For this wonderful man has now in his grasp
The key to the whole situation;
No matter who gives your hand the glad clasp,
To you is this sure declaration.
It's all up to Tumulty.

He's standing on guard at the great Whitehouse door,
Yet by him you can't for even one look;
No planning, or scheming, or any man's lore,
Avails with this man—since he fired his cook.
Brave man—that Tumulty

So if you are wanting office,
Smooth Joe is your man;
No need any others to chase.
Catch on to the brogue of a limerick elan,
Show the ear-marks of the Romanist race
And you're safe—
With Tumulty

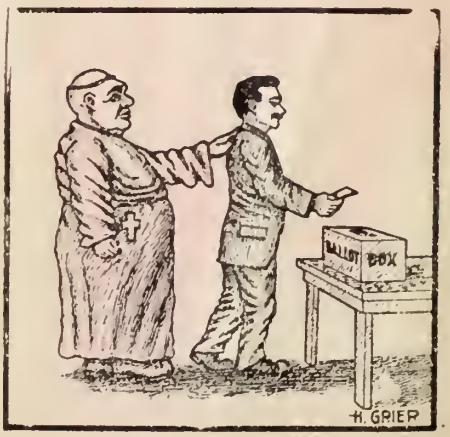
Are you wanting the tin, just get in the ring,
That's takin' "Sam's" garner and store;
On your knees to the priest! The church's praise sing,
Do this—only this; only one thing more,
It's tumble to Tumulty.

GET WISE! Sit up and take notice of the extraordinary activity of the Romish Church and you will undoubtedly discover its aim. If you have not already seen the design, power and purpose of Romanism in America it is high time you were getting busy.

That blighting curse of all times since its unholy birth—the slimy tentacles of Roman Catholicism—is slowly and silently encircling Uncle Sam—and stealthily dethroning our American Goddess of Liberty!

If you are not posted on the subject, and you really care for the safety of your country and the perpetuation of our free institutions and the freedom and liberty of your children—get acquainted with the true situation.

Every time your ballot is cast for a Roman Catholic to hold office in America—right then you have made a grievous mistake—for it is the one supreme desire of the Roman Church to gain the ascendancy in our political field.



The Papal Treasury is Full----Our National Debt is $1,072,000,000

CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME---LET'S PAY OUR DEBTS

MY FELLOW CITIZEN, WHICH SHALL IT BE;
A STAND FOR LIBERTY OR BOW TO ME?

A Menace Battle Hymn

Dedicated to the Guardians of Liberty.

Freeborn Americans! Behold!
Within our starry banner's fold
The Romish viper lurks,
E'en now in Home and School and State,
With secret intrigue born of hate,
Her deadly virus works.

Scourg'd from the lands beyond the sea,
Her Jesuit minions forced to flee,
Seek refuge on our shore.
They come to sow the seeds of strife,
To make our land with treason rife
And Rome our conqueror.

In cloistered hall, beyond the ken
Or watchful eye of fellow men,
Their cursed plots they brood.
By pope absolv'd their greed for gold
And lust for power have made them bold
Against the common good.

Rome never sleeps—she changes not,
Her creed has ever been a plot
'Gainst human Liberty.
She dulls the conscience, dwarfs the mind,
With superstition's fetters binds
All souls that own her sway.

And shall we craven stand and see
Our native country bow the knee
To foreign potentate?
Nay! deem not this but idle fear,
Rome's scheming vassals bide the hour
When she shall rule the state.

Rouse then, ye patriots! front this wrong.
The hour has struck; the battle's on!
Against this pirate crew.
Be not deceived by false pretense,
The freeman's ballot's your defense,
Let every vote ring true!

E. A. N., Chicago.

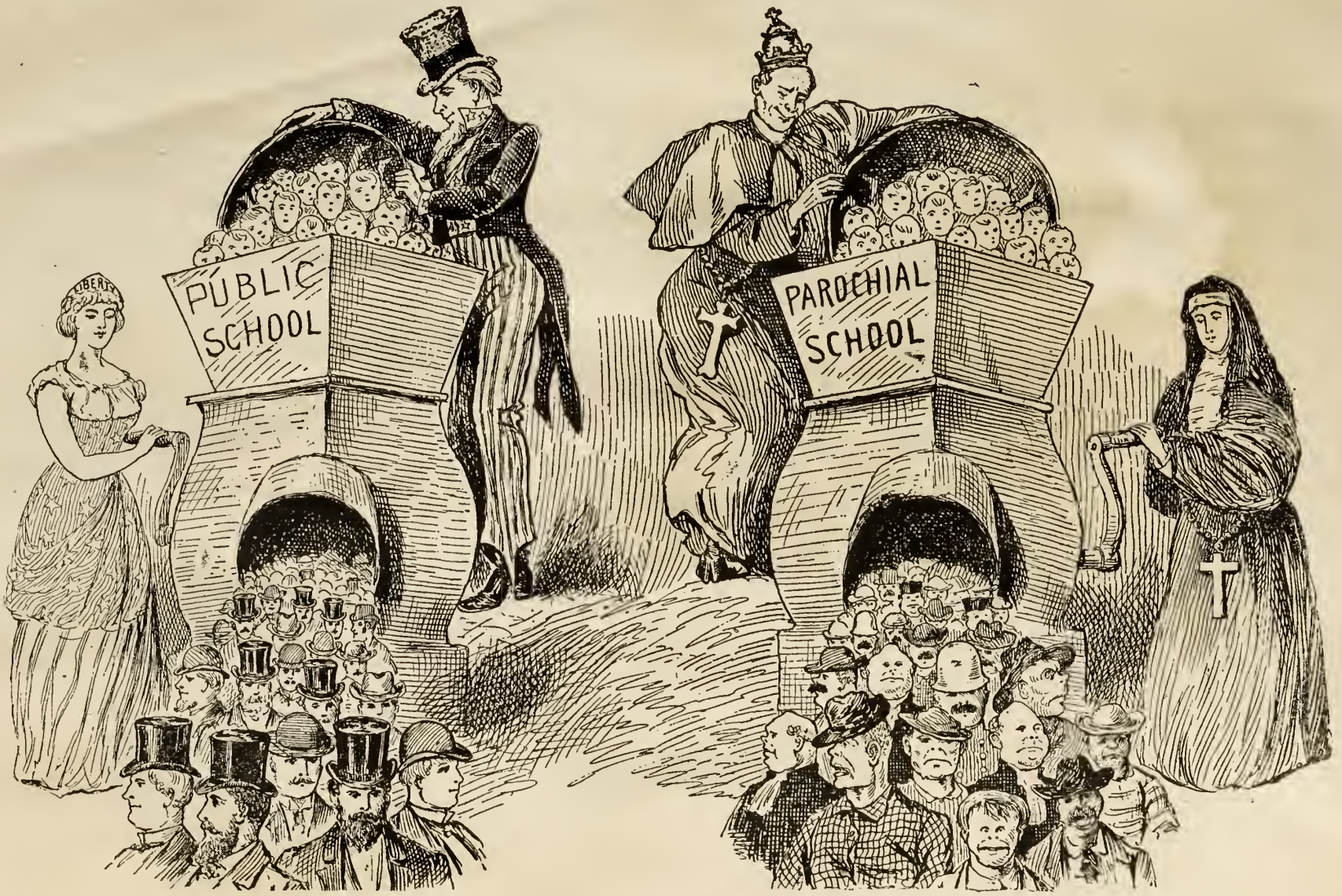
SAYS JOHN CLARK RIDPATH

"When Liberty is born man's limbs are unbound; he straight-way begins to flourish, to triumph, to be glorious. Then indeed he sends up the green and blossoming trees of his ambition. He grows in freedom, his philanthropy expands, his nature rises to a noble stature, he springs forward to grasp the great substance, the shadow of which he has seen in his dreams. What men want, what they need, what they hunger for, what they will one day have the courage to demand is a freer manhood and more knowledge and intelligence. The right of free thought, free inquiry, and free speech to all men, everywhere, is as clear as the noonday and bounteous as the air and sea."

WHEN FREEDOM FROM HER MOUNTAIN HEIGHTS UNFURLED HER STANDARD TO THE AIR
SHE OVERLOOKED AN AWFUL SIGHT OR ELSE SHE DIDN'T CARE

THY WILL BE DONE ON EARTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN.
DEDICATED TO THE GUARDIANS OF LIBERTY.

ONE OF THE GRINDERS MUST CEASE OR OUR DAUGHTERS WILL BE BROUGHT LOW.



UNDER CATHOLICISM, THE PEOPLE WERE KEPT IN IGNORANCE AND DARKNESS, THERE WAS LITTLE OR NO PROGRESS MADE IN THE INDUSTRIAL WORLD.

UNDER FREEDOM OF SPEECH AND PERSONAL LIBERTY AMERICA HAS TAUGHT THE WORLD TO THINK. SHALL WE CONTINUE TO PROGRESS OR RETURN TO PAGANISM?

THE WILL OF ROME MUST CONTROL AMERICA
PUBLIC SCHOOL
THE CHURCH IS ABOVE THE STATE
WE ARE CATHOLICS FIRST AND CITIZENS NEXT.
EXCOMMUNICATED FOR SENDING THEIR CHILDREN TO THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND FOR EXERCISING THEIR RIGHTS AS AMERICAN CITIZENS
C. S. REINHART

WHAT ROME DID ONCE, SHE WILL DO AGAIN.

Uncle Sam on Popedom

By Joshua Merriam.

Tune—Marching Through Georgia.

Come ye loyal Americans now,
And sing our Nation's song;
Sing it with a spirit that will
Wake the sleeping throng;
Sing it 'til the world shall hear
The echoes loud and long.
While we're redeeming the nation.

Chorus.

Then Hail! All Hail!
The Nation's jubilee. Then Hail! All Hail!
The stars and stripes—are ever free.
Let them float o'er all the land,
From Gulf to Canada.
While we're redeeming the nation.

Gird the American armor on,
Your country's call obey.
See the host of "Colombo Nites"
Keeping up their bray.
We'll go forth to meet them,
Use the ballot box and pray.
While we're redeeming the Nation.

Forward then your ballots,
'Neath the red, the white and blue.
Knowing papal colors,
At their best are not for you.
We'll stand up for Uncle Sam.
To his laws we will be true.
While we're redeeming the Nation.

THE LEGION OF THE HOLLOW—NOTHING LEFT BUT THE HAT

It's a good priest that has no yearning.

Yesterday's remedy will be too late for today.

Rum, Romanism and Rags—the three "R's" inseparable.

The trail of the serpent marks the way of the papacy.

Ninety-four per cent of the saloons of the country are run by people of Roman Catholic faith.

A "Mother Superior" may be worth something in this world, but the "Superior Mother" is the backbone of the nation.

The "Church" is in posession of Mary's veil, hat, belt, hair, slippers and even her milk! sure you can see 'em in Rome at so much per look.

The Roman church has caused ruin and destruction to millions of people in Europe and now they want to "enlighten" and "convert" Americans.

The Catholics have controlled Mexico for nearly 300 years, and 93 per cent of the people are in direst ignorance, and peonage is in successful operation.

DOES this speak of loyalty to the Constitution of the United States?

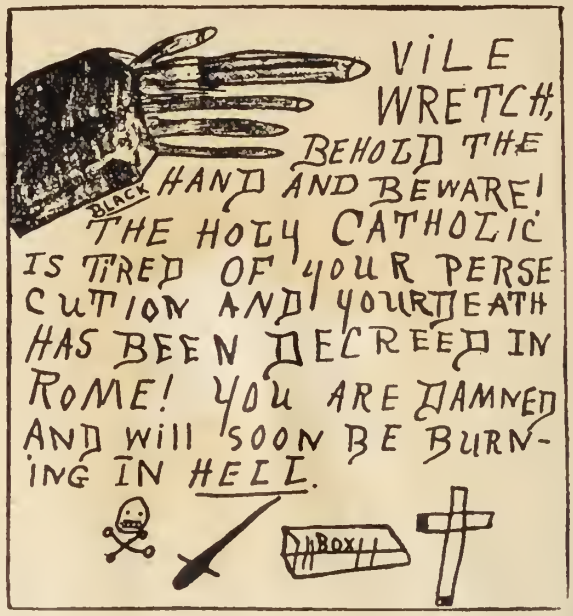
Here is a fac-simile of a black hand letter actually received by one of the loyal patriots who DARED advocate the cause of religious liberty, and was doing all he could in an honest way to expose the evils of Rome in his community.

Does that black hand letter speak of LOVE and CHARITY? Does it suggest a Christian spirit? Does it speak of forbearance and forgiveness such as Catholics claim to have for the weak and erring "heretics?"

NO! It is but a true word picture of what would be the fate of everyone who dared oppose the powers of ROME if they were in power today. It is but a sample of the Inquisition—brought down to date!

Can you longer remain silent? Will you, American voter, allow your fellow citizen to be insulted and his very life threatened in this manner.

THINK!


VILE WRETCH, BEHOLD THE BLACK HAND AND BEWARE! THE HOLY CATHOLIC IS TIRED OF YOUR PERSECUTION AND YOUR DEATH HAS BEEN DECREED IN ROME! YOU ARE DAMNED AND will SOON BE BURNING IN HELL.
BOX

How would you bachelors like to be priests?

When some Romanist begins to tell you that the Parochial Schools are the best, just ask him how it comes that they make such a poor showing in the countries where they have it all their own way.

Abraham Lincoln died at the hands of the Romanists and in the book at Washington, D. C., where over one thousand organizations and companies sent in resolutions of condolence and sympathy and expressions of horror at this awful deed are recorded, not a single resolution from any Catholic body in the world is found upon those pages.

U S CONSTITUTION
RELIGIOUS RELICS RULED AND RUINED BY THE OLD REMORSELESS ROMAN RAKE AND ROUE
ITALY SPAIN IRELAND MEXICO PORTUGAL PERU et al etc etc
DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE
YOUR DEVOTED LOVER
RELIGIOUS

"THOU SHALT NOT COVET"

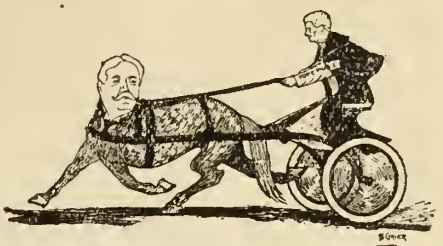
THE Catholic editors are busy nowadays searching THE MENACE columns for some date, some name, some statement, anything, a typographical error would do just so they could pronounce that MENACE paper a liar, fraud, and deceiver. So far their efforts have been of no avail.

There is too much truth to be told about the corruption of Romanism without anyone resorting to lies and falsehood.

Rome is sweating drops of blood as she looks at the rapidly rising MENACE thermometer. ONE MILLION AND A QUARTER subscribers is a little more than she had counted on the "dirty little sheet" ever gaining.

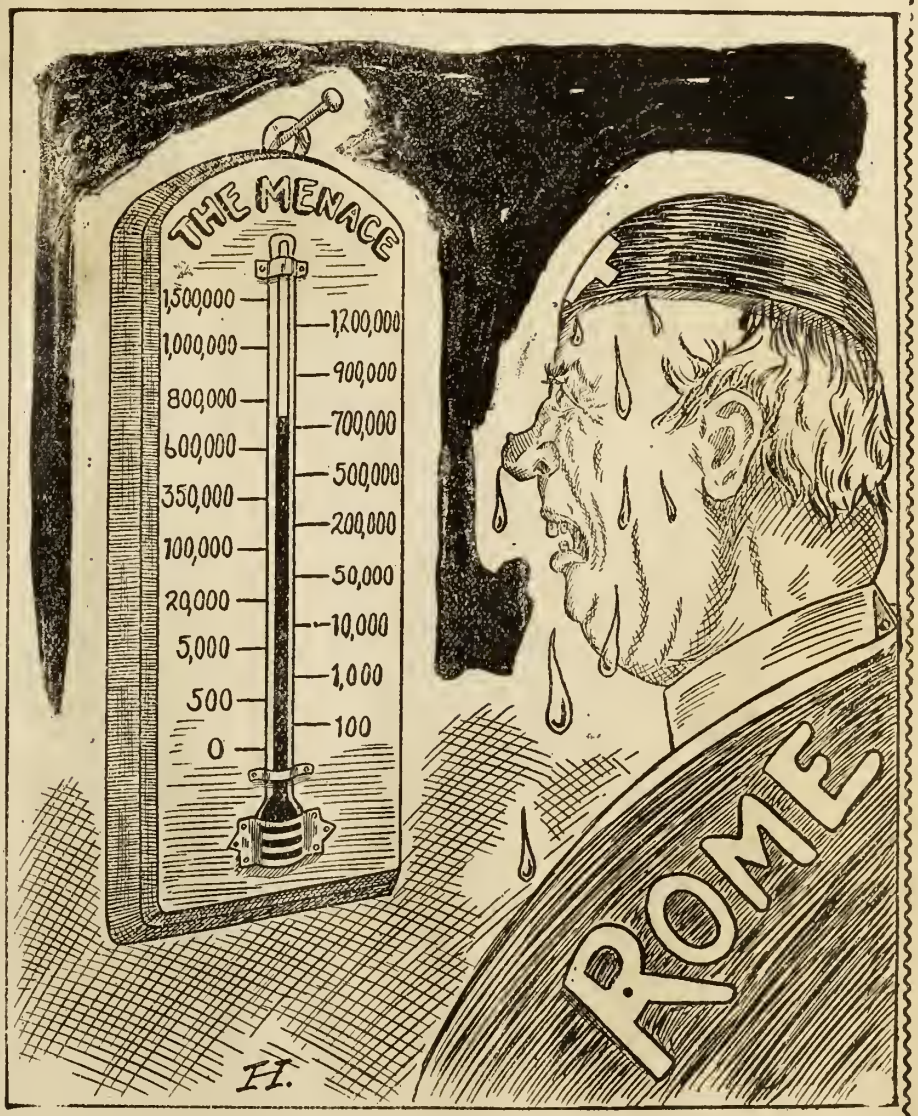
"A few ignorant heretics" was all she ever expected would subscribe to THE MENACE. But that thermometer! It just keeps on a goin' up, and the ONE MILLION AND A QUARTER of healthy, intelligent, wide awake American citizens are something to be reckoned with, and not to be ignored.

Oi wilcome yez to thuh police farce, Mike; but for thuh love av hivens, don't let Father O'Flaherty catch yez reading THE MENACE or you'll lose your job.
"Shure ting Pat!" To himself:— I'll report him to thuh Father before mornin' An he'll forgive me fur lyin'.
H GRIER



CATHOLIC EDITORS ARE BUSY NOW DAYS---

AND SO ARE OTHERS



EWARE, AMERICAN CITIZENS, "LEST WE FORGET!"

All around this terrestial globe political Romanism is being kicked out by the wide awake patriots, until now priests, pagans, monks and nuns in politics are "undesirable citizens" in most every country in the world but America.

Why is it we accept the Jesuits when other nations have spurned them as immoral and opposed to their national and social welfare, or as Goethe said "In some dark hiding place they will crouch among the outcast and the vile and die accursed."

Jesuit Explusion---He is Told Where to Get Off

Political Catholicism, through her Romanized press, has distorted facts in order to deceive the American public into believing that "the Roman Catholic Church" is really the savior of our nation. Few, if any of the Protestant papers have had the backbone to resent this impertinent intrusion upon the intelligence of our people, until THE MENACE appeared, heralding its message of enlightenment. The Cardinals, bishops and priests have been constantly busy, ever since, trying to squelch this messenger of light—the most wonderful paper of the age. So

The Lion and the Mouse

THY DAYS ARE NUMBERED.
THOU ART WEIGHED IN THE BALLANCES AND FOUND WANTING
THY KINGDOM IS DIVIDED AND GIVEN TO THE HERETICS
AND THOU SHALT PERISH FROM THE EARTH FOREVER!
POPERY
A.P.A.
BUEHNER. ENG.

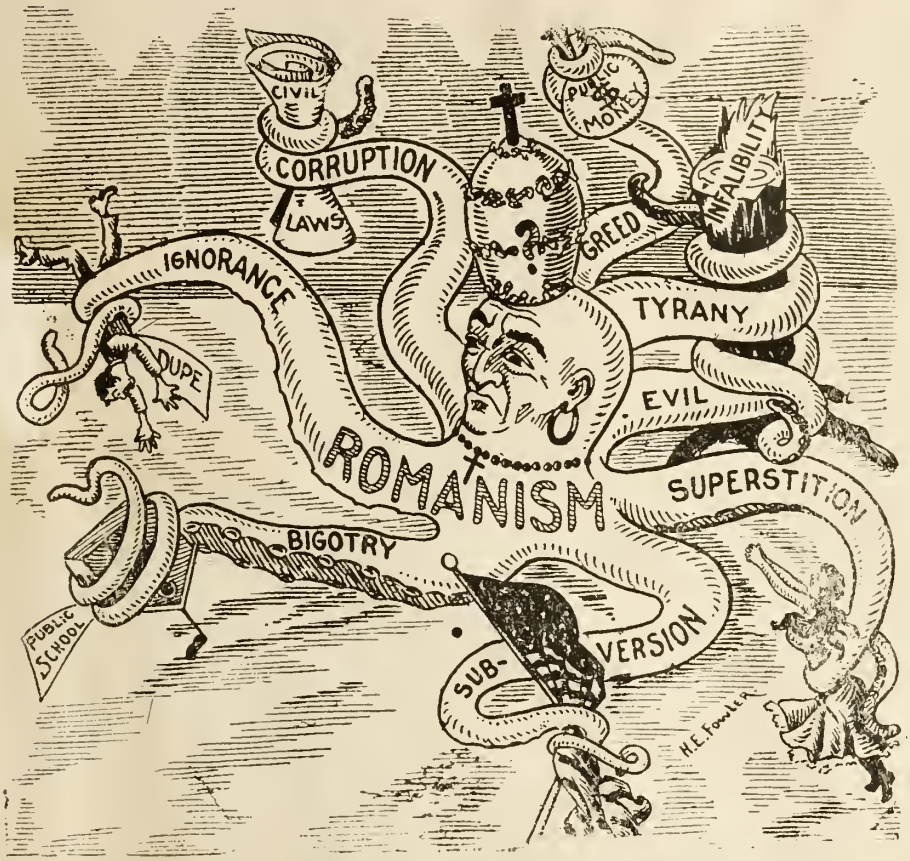
THE MODERN BELSHAZZAR SEEING THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL

far, their efforts are of no avail, and THE MENACE continues to spread its light like the noon day sun.

Like the fabled lion and the mouse, THE MENACE is gnawing away at the vitals of Romanism, and slowly and surely destroying this tyrannical religious trust. The pope, like Belshazzar of old, begins to see the handwriting upon the wall, and is putting up a last desperate fight to "make America Catholic."

This is not a matter of conjecture. We are not supposing a case. Their intentions are too evident. Rome is making her last stand to secure political supremacy in America. "To Make America Catholic" is her slogan. If we, as true blooded Americans, do not awaken to the alarming conditions, then the yoke of political Rome will be upon us.

THE MENACE is making a great fight against Rome, the political enemy of republics. Already this little despised



sheet has proven to be the "Dutch Cleanser" of the nation, and if it can be instrumental in destroying forever the slimy tentacles of political Romanism and the evils which follow in its wake, its mission will have been accomplished and a new day will have dawned full of hope and prosperity.

Rome may sit on her seven hills, but she cannot sit on America.

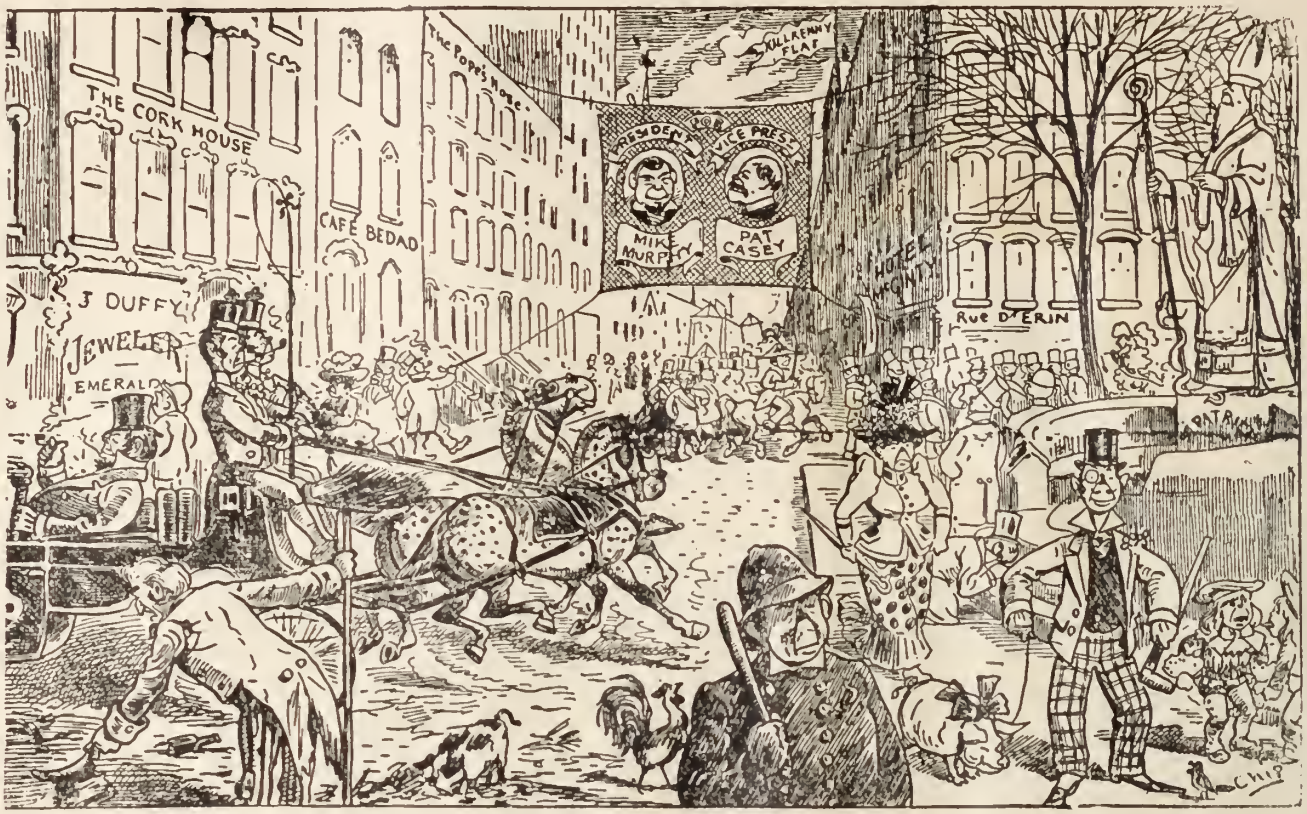
Give us freedom and liberty and religion will take care of itself.

And They Shoot Men Like Lincoln.

You Cant Fool All The People All The Time. — Lincoln

Be Not deceived By The clean hands "The Body is Black With Crime." —

Harvey



U NITED BREATHREN OF AULD OIRELAND HAVE NEW DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

Whin in the coorse av human evints, it becomes neshesary for one payple to seperate thimsilves together from another payple entoirely, and to ashume by the power av St. Petber, the aqual and shuperior condition for which they are fitted entoirely by their prayvious condition in Oireland, dacency compils thim to enlighten the marvelous ignorance of the heretics, and till them why tbey do so.

We bold these truths to be self-ivid○nt that all min are created free aqual exeept the Oirish, which is a shuperior race; that they (the Oirish) are endowed wid certain alienable roights, among these being superstition, whiskey-selling, political offishes, and eracking aicb others 'skulls. That to secure those roigbts they came to Amerikay, dereving their just powers from the indulgences of the howly cbureh.

The history of these Yoonited States is a history of repayted injuries and ushurpations all having for their object the enloightening of the Oirish payple, which is contrairy to the will of our prastea. To prove this we will presint these facts:—

The Yankees have builded public schools.

The Yankees have builded prisons and poor houses.

The Yankees have used public money to support these schools and other institutions without asking bis howliness the Pope.

Tbe Yankees have refused (whinever they had tbe power) to allow the byes to dip into the travsury.

The Yankees have only given the Oirish nine-tenths of the public offishes.

The Yankees have allowed heretic Protestants to build heretic churches.

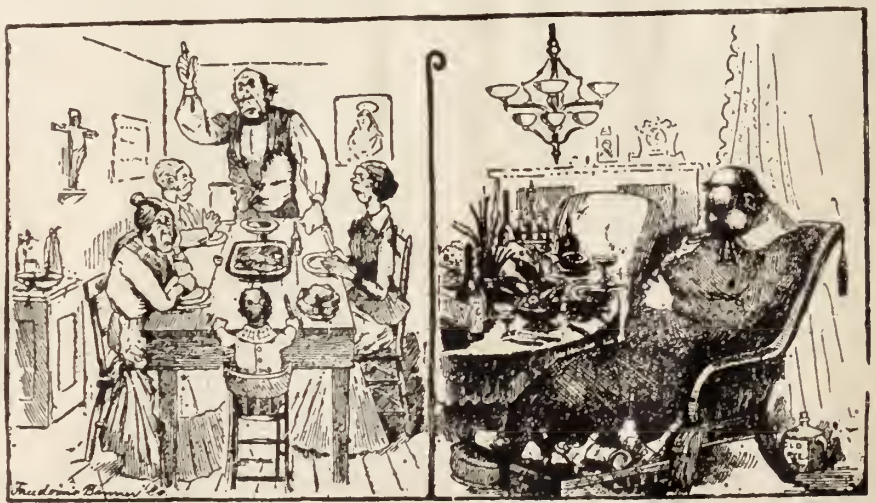
The Yankess have claimed that they helped to fight the War of the Revolution and the Civil War, forgetting that the Oirish did all the foighting.

The Yankees have dared at various times to hoist the Stars and Stripes on publie buildings, instead of tbe Oirish flag.

In ivery one of these murtherin outrages we have threatened thim wid the vengance of the Oirish boycott, the Orish vote, and the pains of purgatory, some of which threats have been shmoiled at by an occasional Yankee.

We, tberefore, the payple of Amerikay, in Billy Muldoon's bar room assembled, appaling to the Pope for his blessing on our declaration, solemnly publish and declare that the Oirish are the payple of Amerikay, and that all others are heretics and sphalpanes; that his howliness the Pope shall be invoited to sit in the White House (which shall be painted an illigant Oirish grane), in Washington and said Grane House shall be raymoved to Mike Corrigan's baek yard in New York (which shall be called New Cork); that all Protesthant heretic Americans shall be exiled to Bloody Owld England or some other heretic nation, and that polace courts and prisons shall be entoirely abolished.

(x) MICHAEL O'TOOL,
(x) BILLY O'FLAHERTY,
(x) STEVE O'DONOGHOE,
(x) THOM CORRIGAN,
(x) THIM MULDOON,
(x) MIKE MOHONEY.



THE "PRAYER." THE "ACKNOWLEDGEMENT."

THE UNHEARD CRY OF DESPAIR.

THE MAN WITH THE KEY

CONVENT CELLS.

Men of the world—Come in, come in,
Open our doors and see;
We "chose it"—true—but little knew
Here was such misery.
Alone? ah no; would God 'twere so,—
Watched, hated, forced to sin;
Oh ye who dare to speak our care,
Men of the world, come in,
Men of the world, come in!

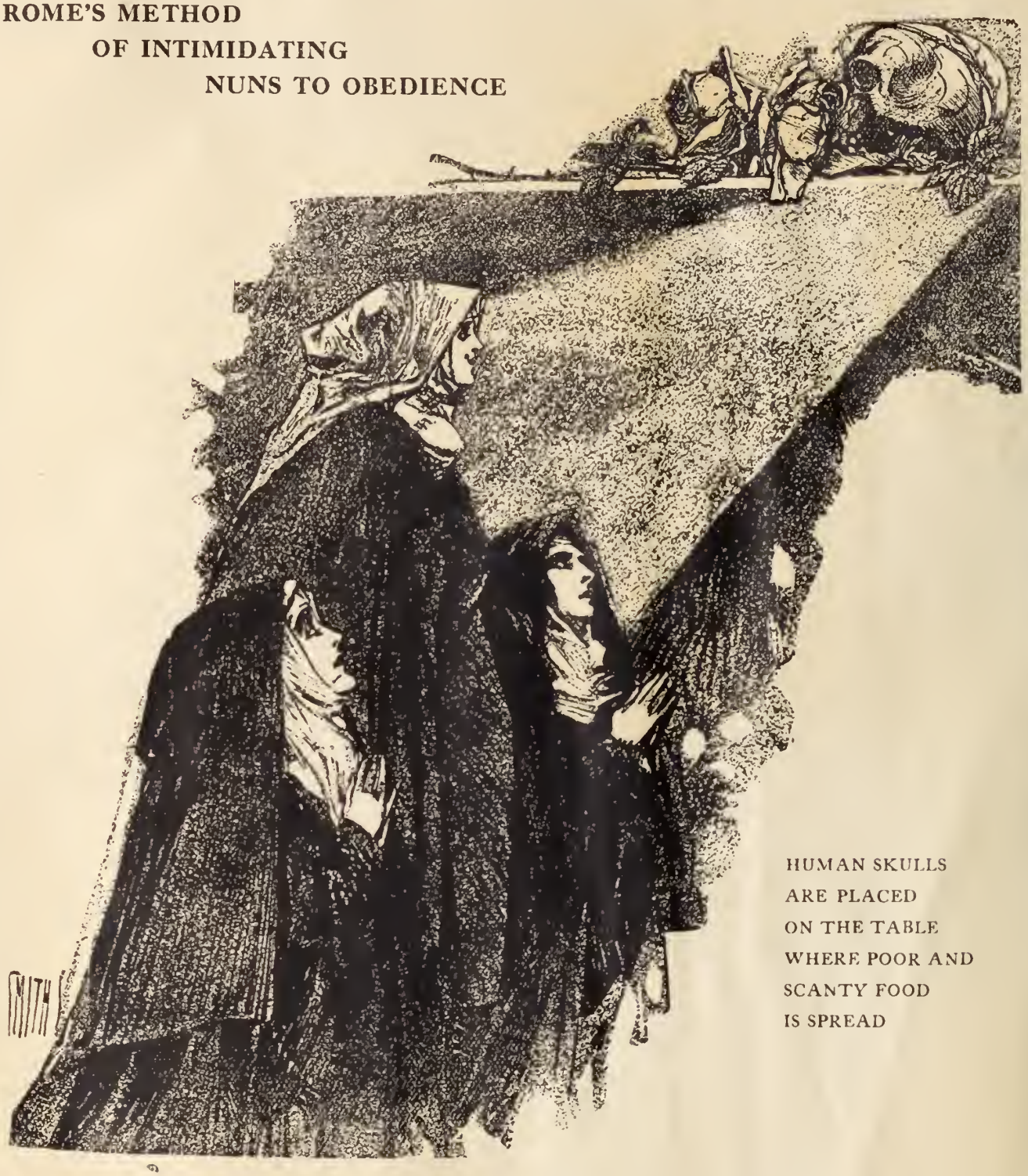
A woman, in a woman's power—
A priest, where no one hears;
Can you not guess what secrets live
Within these iron bars?
Are American senators so dull
In these enlightened days
That they can see no need to let
The light in on our ways?

Men of the world, come in, come in,
Of what are you afraid?
Each convent has its prison bars,
Of strongest Iron Made:
But while the world is blotted out,
And we are bolted in,
To test the holiness of Rome,
Men of the world, come in.

No father, and no mother knows
The depths of our distress;
You saw your basements builded, with
Its coffin-like recesses:
You know there comes no funeral
From out the convent gate.
You think there may be pits and lime
Where the infants lie in state!

Oh register our births and deaths,
And bid your senate give
The glorious freedom of its jails
To every nun alive;
If peace and holiness are here.
Our lives should be "on view"
O Fairplay! bring your battle axe,
And shiver daylight through.

ROME'S METHOD OF INTIMIDATING NUNS TO OBEDIENCE



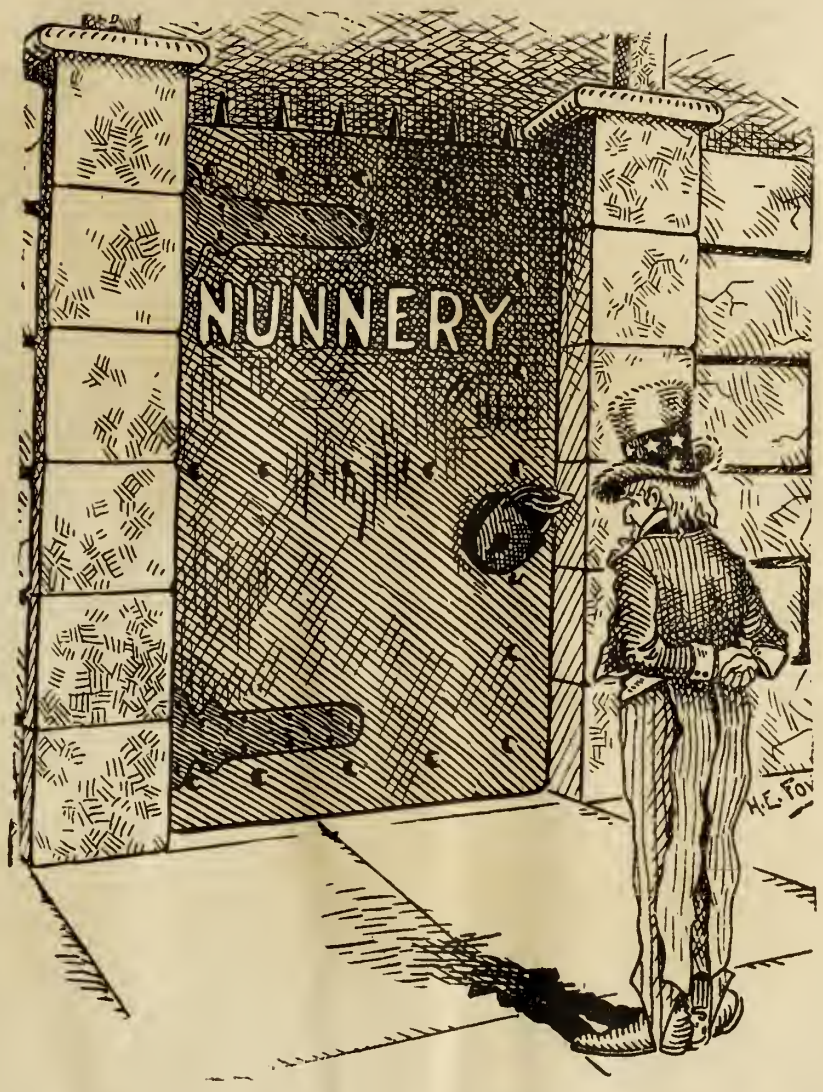
HUMAN SKULLS ARE PLACED ON THE TABLE WHERE POOR AND SCANTY FOOD IS SPREAD

There is a great variety of demoralizing things nuns have to submit to through fear of something worse.

Kissing the floor is a very common penance; kneeling and kissing the feet of other nuns is another, as are kneeling on hard peas and walking with them in the shoes.

Going about on their knees through the subterranean passage ways of the nunnery. Eating meals with a rope around their necks. Some branding themselves with hot irons so as to leave scars. Standing for hours with the arms extended in imitation of the Saviour on the cross.

There are others occasionally proposed and consented to. Many of them not only useless and unheard of, but loathsome and indecent in the highest possible degree.



Objections to Romanism

By BENN PHILIPS REYNOLDS, M. A.,
Grand Master, L. O. I., Illinois.

BECAUSE:
It is treacherous.
It is not a church.
It justifies murder.
It hates the Bible.
It is anti-republican.
It practices deception.
It approves of perjury.
It is a political machine.
It is a system of falsehood.
It is the enemy of freedom.
It is opposed to free schools.
Its priesthood is a despotism.
It makes void the moral law.
It is not content with equality.
It organizes itself at our elections.
Its vulgar persecution is notorious.
It is the destroyer of woman's honor.
It believes in bayonets and not ballots.
It is opposed to the liberty of the press.
It teaches that the church is above the state.
It canonizes men as saints who in life were the reverse of saintly.
It teaches that we should be Roman Catholics first and citizens next.
It worships the rotten bones of dead saints and curses God's living ones.
It has shed the blood of nearly 70,000,000 Protestants, therefore we dare not trust it.

Tammany Hall is a sample of Catholic civilization.

The Pope and Priests take their reward here and now and live on the fat of the land—but they want their poor dupes to be satisfied to live in poverty here and take their chances for a plenty in the next world. The cunning devils.

Guiteau, the assassin of Garfield was a Catholic.

Pendergast, the assassin of Mayor Harrison of Chicago was a Catholic.

Czolgosz, the assassin of Wm. McKinley, was raised by the Roman Catholics.

"If ever the liberty of the American Republic is destroyed it will be the work of the Roman Catholics."—Gen. Lafayette.

The college of cardinals that controls the Roman Catholic church are six in number and all are dagoes. And this is the religion that is to control the American Republic—maybe.

UST Uncle Sam remain outside? Must he wait the will and slow movement of a Mother Superior?

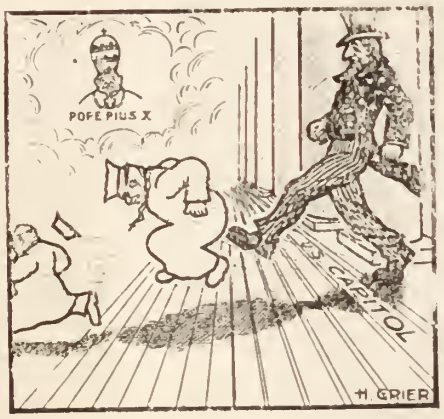
No census taker goes in. No record of births or deaths are made. Women are deprived of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, inside, and the government of this great nation stands a humble suppliant at the door.

Knock! Push!! Kick!!! No response. No door opens. Death may go in. Helpless women may enter, but Life and Hope and Liberty stand without and wait and watch.

Europe opened the door. What hinders Uncle Sam?

Some day Heaven's fire will fall and consume the stone walls and melt the iron gates—and the captives will go free.

Why not put up signs: "Visitors Welcome"



The Black Nunnery

F. M. LEHMAN

Catholicism! thou proud and haughty BEAST!
How long wilt thou on bleeding victims feast?
Thy blackened trail of midnight years
Is crimson-soaked with blood and tears,
The priest—thy tool—with PURPLE stole,
Enchains the sense and damns the soul.
Great God! when will the Protestant awake
To kill this crawling, cursed, Roman snake?

Thy Hell-born creed has long the Christ withstood.
Thy lust-cut robes are dyed in martyrs' blood.
Before thy gates are piles of bones.
Within are sighs and muffled groans.
Both priest and nun—thy fallen tools—
Make victims in thy cursed schools.
Thy SYSTEM, void of conscience, truth and heart,
Is unexcelled in depth of cunning art.

Within thy cloistered WALLS are living tombs
Where Virtues lovely flower scarce ever blooms.
SHE—humbled—in sublime disgrace,
Yields to the Roman priest's embrace.
The priest-christ (?) and the virgin (?) nun,
Complete the sin the church begun.
The scapular, the crucifix and stole,
The dark confessional—all damn the soul.

That dark "hole in the wall," what sin is there!
Where Rome's black hand has deftly laid the snare.
The vow, the veil—the afterpart—
The stifled sob—the bleeding heart.
The longing for some bosom friend—
A few short years and then the end.
The girl, once pure and sweet, and passing fair,
Must die, of virtue robbed, in this dark lair.

SECLUSION hides thy heinous crimes and sin.
Behind thy cloistered WALLS what woes within!
The priest-christ (?) and the virgin (?) nun
Let here their passions' hot course run—
And then the ILLEGITIMATE,
Born but to meet thy crowning hate.
The finger tips on infant's nostril pressed
Forever stills the heart-beats in its breast.

Thy coils round legislative halls are wrapped.
With threat and gold the statesman is entrapped.
Thy sword is sheathed but votes are bought,
And truckling men by thee are sought
To thus work out the pope's demand
In homeland here and foreign strand.
Foul monster thou, with cunning deep and strong,
Thy reign has run its cruel course too long.

O Protestant, wake up! this Roman BEAST
Must be disturbed in this her vaunting feast!
Our battle-cry—Break down her walls!
Let loose her slaves! 'Tis justice calls!
Unfrock the priest, unrobe the nun!
This war on Rome must be won!
The monast'ries and nunneries must go.
The WALLS around these hells must be laid low.

THE DANGERS OF UNRESTRICTED IMMIGRATION.

The Unguarded Gates

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

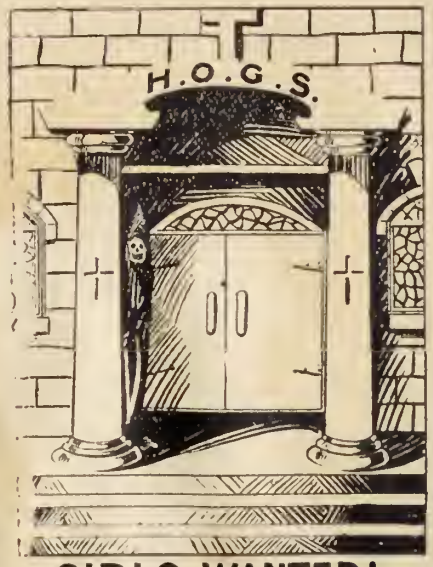
IDE open and unguarded stand our gates,
Named of the four winds, north, south, east and west;
Portals that lead to an enchanted land
Of cities, forests, fields of living gold,
Vast prairie, lordly summits touched with snow,
Majestic rivers sweeping proudly past
The Arab's date palm and the Norseman's pine—
A realm wherein are fruits of every zone,
Airs of all climes, for lo! throughout the year
The red rose blossoms somewhere—a rich land,
A later Eden planted in the wilds,
With not an inch of earth within its bound
But if a slave's foot presses it sets him free.
Here, it is written, Toil shall have its wage,
And Honor honor, and the humblest man
Stand level with the highest in the law.
Of such a land have men in dungeons dreamed
And with the vision brightening in their eyes,
Gone smiling to the fagot and the sword.

Wide open and unguarded stand our gates,
And through them press a wild, motley throng—
Men from the Volga and the Tartar steppes,
Featureless figures of the Hoang-Ho,
Malayan, Scythian, Teuton, Kelt and Slav,
Flying the Old World's poverty and scorn;
These bringing with them unknown gods and rites,
Those, tiger passions, here to stretch their claws.
In street and alley what strange tongues are loud,
Accents of menace alien to our air,
Voices that once the Tower of Babel knew!
O Liberty, white Goddess! is it well
To leave the gates unguarded? On thy breast
Fold Sorrow's children, soothe the hurts of fate,
Lift the down-trodden but with hand of steel
Stay those who to thy sacred portals come
To waste the gifts of freedom. Have a care
Lest from thy brow the clustered stars be torn
And trampled in the dust. For so of old
The thronging Goth and Vandal trampled Rome,
And where the temples of the Caesars stood
The lean wolf unmolested made her lair.

STERS OF CHARITY may be seen every day in our arger cities going about soliciting alms and incidentally impressing the world with the sanctity of heir calling, and the honor they would do the "pope" y contributing to his meek and lowly servants.

The civilized world is shocked at the Chinese custom of binding the feet of the Chinese women and irls, but such deformity is to be preferred to the inding and thwarting of the mind with such fetters s priestcraft forges.

Women are influenced to enter the numerous convents which blot our land, leaving home and loved nes, denouncing all the joy and pleasures of life. Their intellect is thwarted by superstitious teachings, heir lives blighted, their health ruined, their purity hreatened, and their life ruined—all to do honor to his majesty—the pope—king of heaven, earth and ell! Also to be at the beck and call of the papal priests, who, above all things demand of them unquestioning obedience.



GIRLS WANTED!

Reader, it is up to you to assist in the upbuilding of your country. To stand by and guard judiciously your liberty the freedom of the press—and the purity of your home. In order to do this you must have the right knowledge of things pertaining to Romanism, Jesuitism, parochial schools, nunneries and the Roman Catholic political machine in general.

THE MENACE has been the greatest aid to this end ever known. e have done more to enlighten the people of this great nationl on this subject than has been possible through all other agencies combined. We keep abreast with the times. We watch the enemy. We delve into their secret hiding places, and make it our business to expose them when occasion demands.

That the Confessional has been the means of degrading many an American home is an acknowledged fact. This is but one of Rome's methods of undermining our national life.

THE PRESSURE OF THE "INVISIBLE" GOVERNMENT
U.S.
HOLY WATER
OBEDIENCE
AUTHORITY

BILL O'CONNELL

Say, you know Bill O'Connell, boys,
Who wants to be the pope;
Whose fillin' up his innercents,
With Rome's old Donkey dope?

Bill says that what we need is thought,
But then we all well know;
That in his church, no thought but his,
Has ever half a show.

Bill spends his time in gatherin' in,
From poor benighted man;
The dough, he sends to Italy,
To win the vat-i-can.

There's always "cents" but rarely sense,
In our Bill Cardinal's talk;
But what cares *he* so long as *they*,
Come to his mark of chalk!

To our sly Bill, religion means,
A pocketful of cash;
A willing coterie of clerks,
To wield his busy lash.

They've lashed and cashed this motley crew,
And Bill, he takes the change;
Right o'er to little Italy,
And no one thinks it strange.

—*Doggerello.*

The evolution of the nun: nun-mum-mummy.

* * *

An honest investigation would burst the Catholic church.—Bishop Quigley.

* * *

If the Catholic church ruled the world there would be no need of any further Hell.

Tell the priest and shame the family.

* * *

Too many priests spoil the nation.

* * *

A good priest deserves applause.

* * *

"Saint Heart never won fair lady."

* * *

You will never miss the holy water so long as the priests stay dry.

PROTESTANT BLOOD
"FATHER"
"FELON"

"Christo Colum"

Ze Italian love ze Catholic man
Whata discov ze Amerika land,
He bringa ze name of Italy Pope
Into ze Amerika Protesto hope.
*Glorio Cristo Colum.

Ze Romo Italian Church iz grand
She getta ze mon to maka ze stand,
Pope forgiva ze zins of ze black hand
We licka Amerika wiz zis liddle band.
Glorio Cristo Colum.

Ze Pope he Holy, he commita no zin
It maka no dif——, to him,
He an ze Priest zey hugga ze Nun,
Looka out, Pope hava dagger an gun.
Glorio Cristo Colum.

In zis Amerika of ze vree belief
It maka no dif——, no catcha ze thief,
Ze gooda Italian man hava a snap
Ze Priest getta him outa ze trap.
Glorio Cristo Colum.

Zis Pope he benna so g-r-r-eat,
We neda no Pres— ze Pope iz ze State,
We cutta ze throat of Protesto skunk
Amerika ze land of Pope, ze organ an monk.
Glorio Cristo Colum.

Ze Amerika shrimps no lika our IT—
No wanta ze Pope in Captala to zit,
And tella ze Pres— whatta to do
AH, it zoon be Pope for me an you.
Glorio Cristo Colum.

Ze Nitz of Colum getta politica job
To maka zis Country ze land to rob,
Ze Irish, ze German, an Italian ze zame
We killa ze Mazon, an Mennace in name.
Glorio Cristo Colum.

We killa ze Lincoln, Garfield an McKin—,
Catholic do it zen an doa agin,
Amerika hanga ze Catholic man,
Ha, ha, zey know not Pope maka ze plan.
Glorio Cristo Colum.

Zat mans Rozvelta no kissa ze Pope
But ze Nitz of Colum zey givva ze dope,
Zey no usa ze dagger but usa ze gun
Can no killa him he tough zon-of-a-gun.
Glorio Cristo Colum.

We getta ze Pres— go to ze mass
He no dare giva ze Pope any zass,
Tumulta he be ze Pope's wize guy
He runa zis Gov— now, not by an by.
Glorio Cristo Colum.

Ze Pope now owna one Baddle zhib boat
Over whicha ze Akerika flag vloat,
Zoon we getta ready an zen ze fun start
WE usa ze Dagger, we cutta out heart.
Glorio Cristo Colum.

Ze Protesto mans an wife zey rot
No go to ze Priest to tia ze knot,
Ze Protesto babes no ligita birth
Zo zay ze Pope, He is ze earth.
Glorio Cristo Colum.

If ze Nun hava ze Priests child, no zin
No letta ze Protesto devils looka in,
Zey no prova zat ze Priest do a wrong
He taka ze child, he killa, he strong.
Glorio Cristo Colum.

Ze Catholic beople no needa read
Lika ze Protesto, ze poison weed,
Pope thinka for all, ita so grand
He lova ze Nitz and ze Blak Hand.
Glorio Cristo Colum.

Ze Pope hava no use for bublica sgool
Only maka ze child a Protesto fool,
Ze Pope an ze Bishop an ze Priest too
Zay to Hella wiz ze Amerika CONSTITU—
Gloria Cristo Colum.

*"Cristo Colum." The sign is made with dagger in right hand; upon exclamation, Gloria, etc., dagger is placed to naked left, and right breast, thence to forehead.

A Barrel of Bourbon

The following is the wording of a letter found stuffed in a cheap pocket-book recently purchased by a non-Catholic. The letter and comments were printed in *The Peril,* one of our contemporaries:

June 19th, 1895.

Sisters of Mercy,
No. 273 Willoughby Ave.,
Brooklyn.

We received your favor of the 18th inst., contents of which we have noted.

We are sorry to say that the goods ordered by you the other day had already been forwarded by us to Syosset before we received your telephonic message to hold same until further notice. We trust, however, the goods arrived safely.

We have taken note of your order for 1 barrel of Bourbon, same as last, which we shall deliver at the large gate in Graham St., as per your directions.

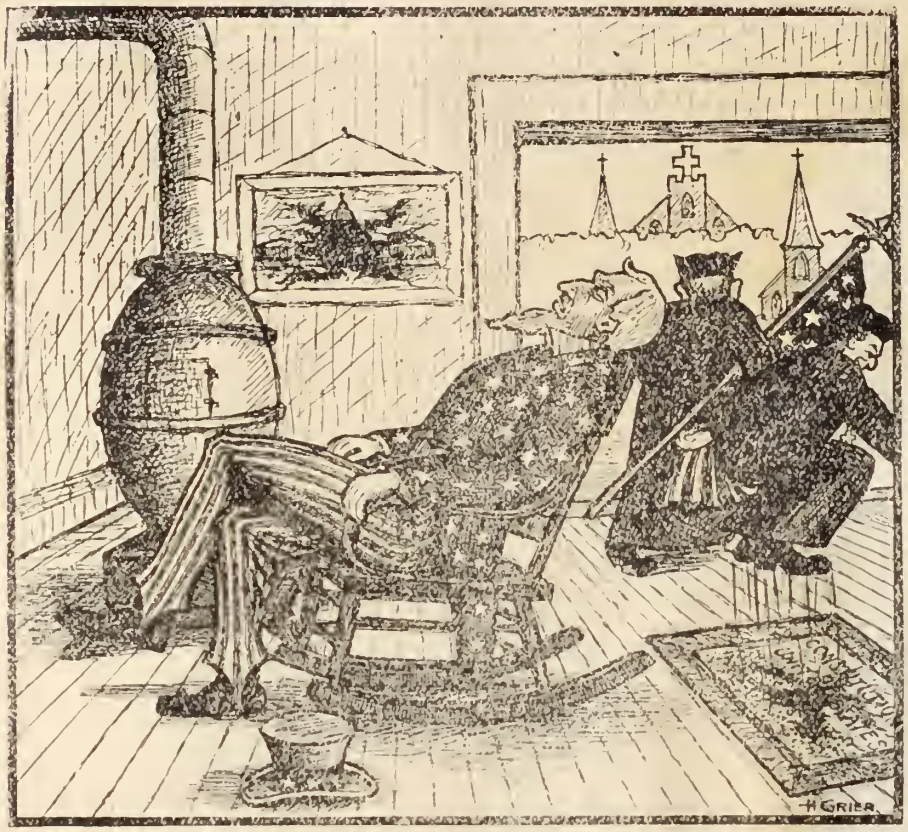
Yours very truly,
LUYTIN BROS. & HENLEE.

Now, what we want to know is, what did the Sisters of Mercy referred to do with that barrel of Bourbon likker, together with the one preceding it? A whole barrel of Bourbon is some likker, and two barrels is a whole lot of likker. That much whoop-juice is enough to keep every priest in and around Brooklyn on a highlonesome for six months. There must be somebody else besides the "howly" fathers killing booze around that Catholic joint. Who is it, you reckon? Surely those immaculate virgins are not drinking likker. Perish the thought! But who absorbed all that red-eye. This is the question that keeps rising before us like Banquo's ghost.

What did the sisters do with that likker?

Read THE MENACE
Get the dope.
Go to the polls,
And defy the pope.

LOOK OUT, MISTER, HE DON'T LIKE YOU!!
PATRIOT
THE HOLY "SAW-BUCK".
?
MENACE



While Uncle Sam is sleeping, Rome's minions and secret spies are stealthily entering our domain. They would not have him awaken and learn their designs and intentions. They can work better in silence and secrecy. They are alert, cunning, and quick to take advantage of his indifference.

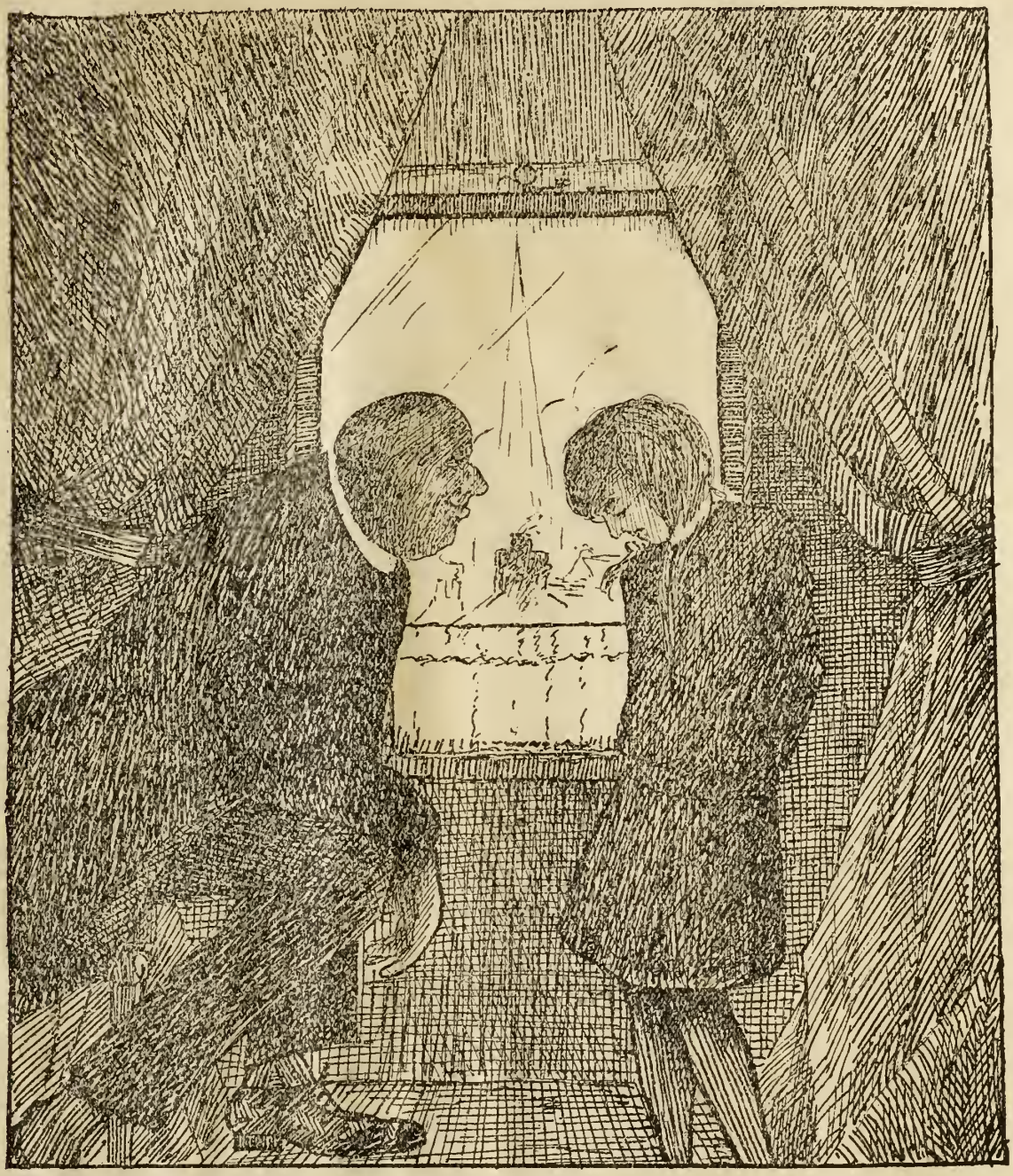
Deplorable as the fact is some of our chief officials are, today, taking into their confidence, and worse still into their private councils, Romanists who will betray their trust and use them as tools to further the interests of the man-god who holds forth at the vatican.

Let the Sons of America—let honest Roman Catholics—arouse themselves, assert their rights and eliminate papal contamination from this country.

Uncle Samuel, is it thee?
Ridden by the papacy;
Bossed by Rome,
How can it be,
To Pagan gods—
You bow the knee.

Wake up, Unc.
And do your best;
Throw off this load,
Take a rest.
Spend your money,
Getting wise;
Denounce the pope,
And his cunning spies.

Get the Priesthood Off Your Backs



The Confessional has been the means of degrading many an American home. This is but one of Rome's methods of undermining our national life. The blush of shame would mantle the fair face of every true American mother; her heart would stand still with fear should she imagine for one moment that HER daughter would be subjected to the vile and insulting questions asked by designing and immoral priests in the Confessional.

OFTEN Rome makes flattering promises to America, she proffers her assistance with fawning and deceiving manner, but history belies her words. If you will read the history of Romanism in Spain, Portugal, Italy, Mexico, Ireland and every country where she has gained control you will see what the Romanists in power would do for our government and our people. That blighting curse of all times since its unholy birth, is slowly and silently encircling about the American Goddess of Liberty.

The Declaration of Independence was made and signed by men of our own blood and we have been so wrapped up in the enjoyment of its manifold blessings that we have allowed the slimy serpent of Jesuitism to creep into our midst, here to repeat if necessary, the horrors of the Inquisition. Shall we as true born American citizens sit idly by and see the emissaries of the pope demand admittance, power and dictatorship over our body, mind and soul, or shall we with one accord urge upon Uncle Sam the necessity of drawing, once for all, the line between Church and State?

PRIESTS UNION—WHY NOT?

We wonder why the priests do not form a Union, and demand a regular scale of prices for praying souls out of purgatory, and saying masses—saying masses at so much per chunk, with double prices for overtime and Sundays. Saving souls 'steen plunks per.

Let the easy geeks pay the scale or go to Hell.

LIBERTY-PROGRESS
K of C
D—N THAT BOY
K of C
BOYCOT
MENACE
CATHOLIC
MACH
POLITICAL
LINES
WOO!

Not Muzzled, Eh?

When THE MENACE accuses the daily press of the country of being muzzled by the Roman Catholic hierarchy, and accuses them of being afraid to say anything that might offend this "holy" aggregation of grafters, the press poo poos the assertion and says that THE MENACE is a blatherskite sheet.

The best way to tell whether they are muzzled or not is to try to get something into them that might not set well with the papas as did a man on the Firing Line in Springfield, Ohio.

He sent the Springfield *Daily News* an ad for THE MENACE which read:

"Read THE MENACE, Aurora, Mo.; opposes Roman Catholic political machine, weekly fifty cents a year, four subscriptions one dollar."

At the advertised rate in the *News* the ad would come to one dollar for 14 insertions, and our friend enclosed that amount, asking that the ad be placed in the "classified column."

Do you think they inserted the ad?

Not on your life.

They returned the ad, with the following explanation, signed by L. R. Maher, "auditor." Read his answer:

"We are returning herewith your order and one dollar for ad which you desired to run in our classified columns. We do not feel that we can run this ad the way it is worded."

And what was the matter with the wording?

There was nothing the matter with it except—that it mentioned THE MENACE and the Roman Catholic machine, and this Romanized editor knew that if he placed the ad the "holy fathers" would be onto him like a duck on a June bug, and that they would make him and the *News* hard to catch.

Who said the press wasn't muzzled?

Mother Goose Up-to-Date

By S. G. B.

The priest from the moon came down at noon,
And went to hear confession;
The way it was done while he was soaked with rum,
Was really most distressing.

* * *

At times so stern, at others so funny,
It was clear to all, all he wanted was money;
For him the whole thing was a life long feast,
He had a wonderful time, this jolly old priest.

* * *

Father be nimble, Father be slick,
Father get all the money quick;
Hit em hard with the purgatory scare,
Get all they have, the pope don't care.

* * *

Ghostly Father, come blow your horn,
The sheep are scattering all forlorn;
Where's the Father that keeps the sheep,
Off on a booze, and fast asleep.

* * *

There was a good Father who lived in a shoe,
With such a big flock he didn't know what to do;
For some he said masses. To some gave wafer bread.
He drank all the wine, and charged for the dead.

* * *

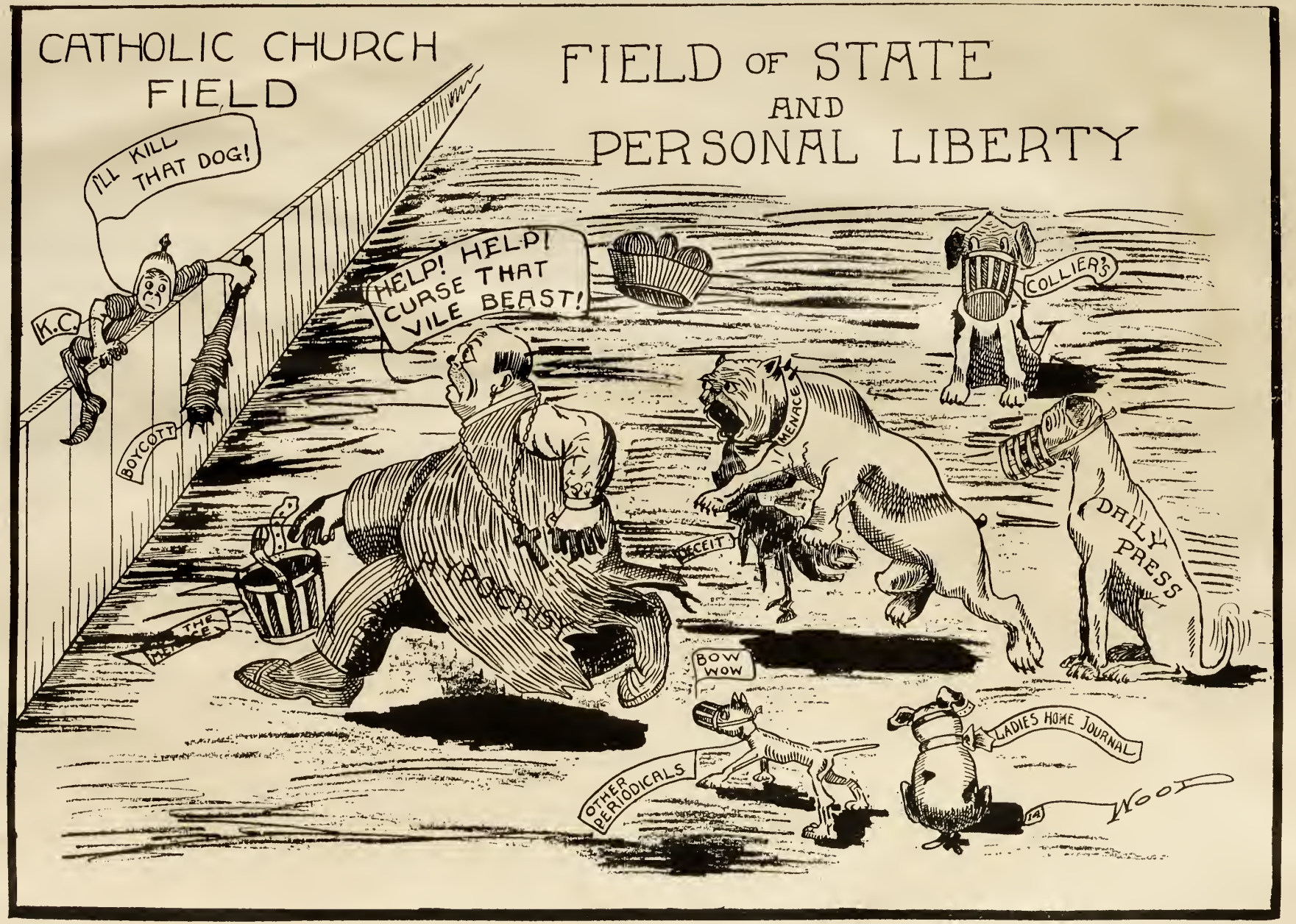
Father Jack and his Jill went down the hill
To get some "holy water."
Father Jack fell down on his way to town,
And Jill was never heard of after.

* * *

Sing a song of purgatory, with faces all awry,
Take the widow's dollars, make the children cry;
Rob the poor old father, never let him go,
So long as he can labor on this earth below.

* * *

Charge them for the masses, sing 'em high and low.
Charge them for the funeral, a hundred dollars or so;
Watch the orphans heritage, make a careful search,
Then pretend its all for the benefit of the "holy" church.


CATHOLIC CHURCH FIELD
FIELD OF STATE AND PERSONAL LIBERTY
I'LL KILL THAT DOG!
K.C.
BOYCOTT
HELP! HELP! CURSE THAT VILE BEAST!
HYPOCRISY
THE MENACE
DECEIT
COLLIER'S
DAILY PRESS
BOW WOW
OTHER PERIODICALS
LADIES HOME JOURNAL
14
WOOD

THE MENACE with a Million and a Half circulation and still growing at an enormous rate, is surely awakening the Nation to the monstrosities of Romanism, to say nothing of the ridiculousness of their hoodwinking methods, particularly as to the Confessional.

Their snooping into the affairs of THE MENACE has only got them into trouble.

Where there is a will there is a priest to pay.

• • •

The confessional covers a multitude of sins.

• • •

All that a woman knoweth will she tell to the priest.

• • •

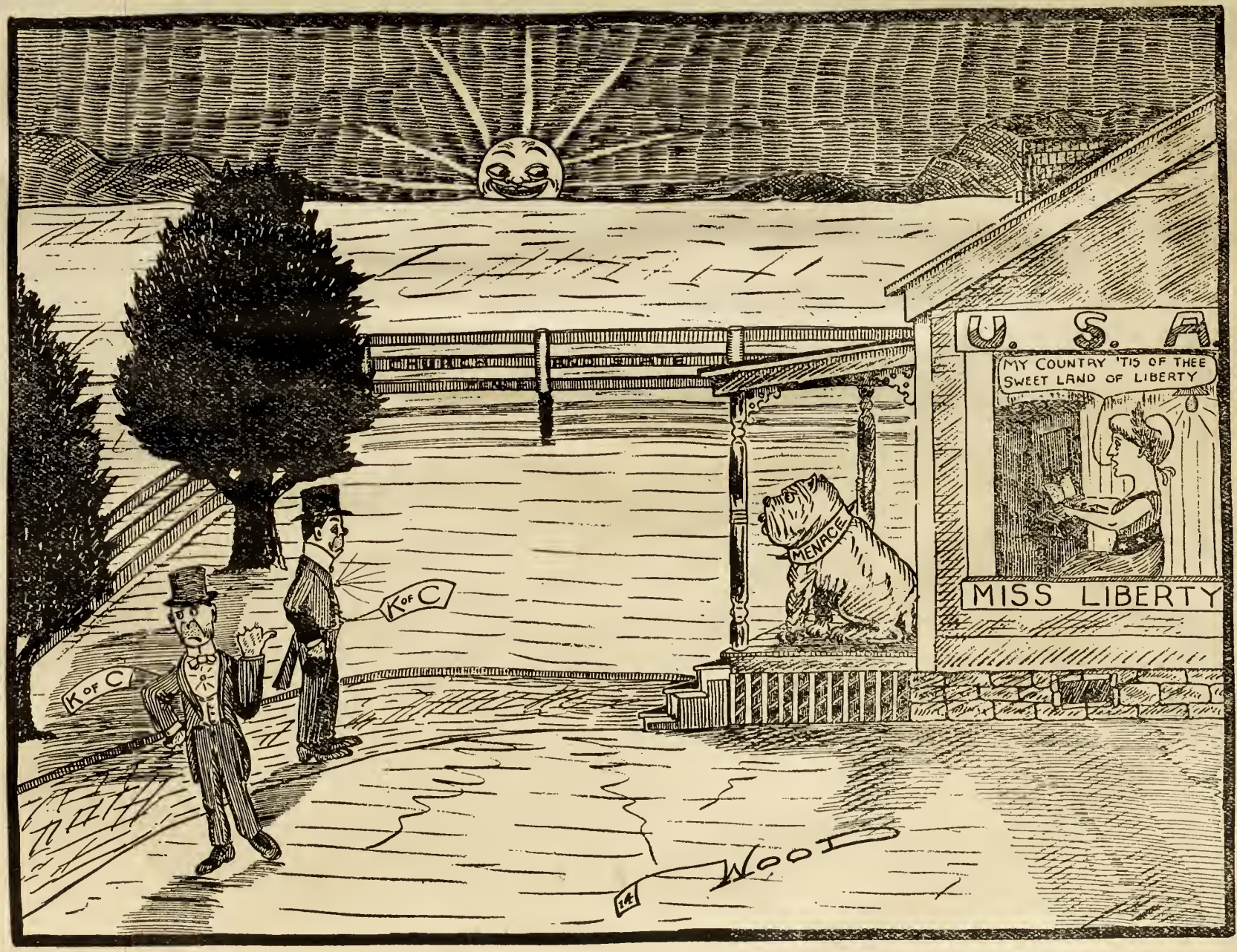
Romanism never changes, that is why it is so dirty.

• • •

Priests rush in—and play—where angels fear to tread.

AND YOU SAY HE READS THE MENACE?
WELL! SLANDER HIM. LIE ABOUT HIM. IF POSSIBLE RUIN HIS CHARACTER. BOYCOTT HIM! IN THE NAME OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN AMEN.
NOW TELL ME ALL ABOUT HUBBY
YES, FATHER

MERELY A SUGGESTION


U. S. A.
MY COUNTRY 'TIS OF THEE
SWEET LAND OF LIBERTY
MISS LIBERTY
MENACE
K of C
K of C
14
WOOD

Washington, Lincoln and Labor Day

Why Observe Columbus Day?

The Knights of Columbus—only Catholics can be members—are raising heaven and earth to secure another national holiday to be known as Columbus Day.

This is an attempt to nationalize Romanism—the blight to democracy. Who are asking for this? None but papists. Why, then, should a great majority of the people be compelled to keep a day not desired, not needed, and one that is superfluous?

Abraham Lincoln

Already we have holidays which we indifferently observe. People have to be reminded of Lincoln's and Washington's birthday, and nowhere are these days oberved in a whole-hearted national way.

We are too busy, too thoughtless, too indifferent. Decoration Day is now losing its significance, only as the blue and the grey, the remnants of a heroic struggle, stand by the graves of the brave and mingle their tears for the slain. The Fourth of July is simply used for revelry and red lemonade, and not a day wherein to recall the story of Lexington, Bunker Hill and George Washington.

"With his ragged regimentals yielding not,"

who made the Constitution a fact and America a nation.

Labor Day is only observed where Unions push the matter to the limit and demand recognition.

Why then the need of another day when these we have now lack inspiration and observance?

You may be sure that no day can awaken patriotism and national observance in memory of a man who never saw America, whose religion and life was hostile to everything American, and whose only claim to recognition is based upon the fact that he represents the faith of a sect and not of the whole people.

Both history and the genius of America forbid foisting another holiday upon us which attempts to specialize a religious sect, and give opportunity to the Columbuses to glorify the pope of Rome who claims authority superior to the Constitution and whose opposition to free institutions is of age long standing.

O, this Christopher Columbus!
What did he do, or say,
That he should be remembered
With a legal holiday?

Was he a saint when living?
Was he great and good and wise?
Was he a splendid hero?
Or was he otherwise?

Was he a "knight" of honor?
Did he rule his people well?
Or did he make his islands
A cruel, bloody hell?

Did he bring them light and freedom?
Did he try to bless and save?
Or did he bind his victims
With the shackles of the slave?

O, this Christopher Columbus!
What was he, anyway,
That a freedom-loving people
Should observe "Columbus Day?"

See Booklet, "Columbus and Columbus Day," published by The Menace. Price 10c.

WHO IS THE MOST WORTHY?

COXEY'S ARMY UP-TO-DATE

WE UNDERSTAND THAT AN ARMY OF CATHOLIC SOCIETIES ARE TO MARCH UPON WASHINGTON FOR THE PURPOSE OF SQUELCHING THE MENACE.

EDITORIAL

IN issuing the "MENACE CARTOONS, FUN AND FACTS" I have tried to confine the cartoons to those which depicts Romanism as it confronts us today—not as ancient history—but her present undermining methods by which she expects to "make America Catholic!"

This Book is issued from THE MENACE office. That great and fearless paper which has for three years been appealing to you each week to join with us in the defense of our nation from Romanism. The phenominal paper which has seen, as no local observer can possibly see, how our great nation is constantly Yielding, YIELDING to the advancing power of this monster system, whose degrading influence has been the curse of every nation where it has gained control. The Roman Catholic Political Machine stands today with its foot upon our republic! Men of power cringe before it—and it rejoices in its conquests.

From all over the world we are kept in touch with public affairs, and we see and know these things of which we have warned you. Friends, how can we arouse you? You have hearts in your breasts as patriotic as ours. The red blood of our revolutionary fathers courses in your veins as in ours. You are tax-payers, citizens, parents as are we. What is the reason—the strange, mysterious compelling influence that keeps your eyes blinded—your ears stopped to our warning—that you can not grasp the terrible fact that Romanism is indeed and truth a Menace to our American Liberties and Civilization! and the fact that it is undermining the sanctity of our homes.

The power to resist tyranny once lived in the breast of a Washington, a Lincoln. Is it true that America has lost forever this power? Can no man hereafter be elected to office unless he first avows allegiance to Rome? Must Uncle Sam be dictated to by a man thousands of miles away who poses as a god and who revels in the money sent him by his dupes in America? Let these questions strike home! Just so long as the issue is put off, just that much more will Rome build her forts and advance her lines.

At this late day the task which has been postponed so long seems infinitely more difficult than if we had met the issue twenty years ago. While we have been giving our time and attention to matters of far less importance, Romanism has been stealthily entering our domain, and we have allowed it to gain such control of our government affairs that it now presumes to be chief dictator over our legislative, executive, and almost over our judicial departments.

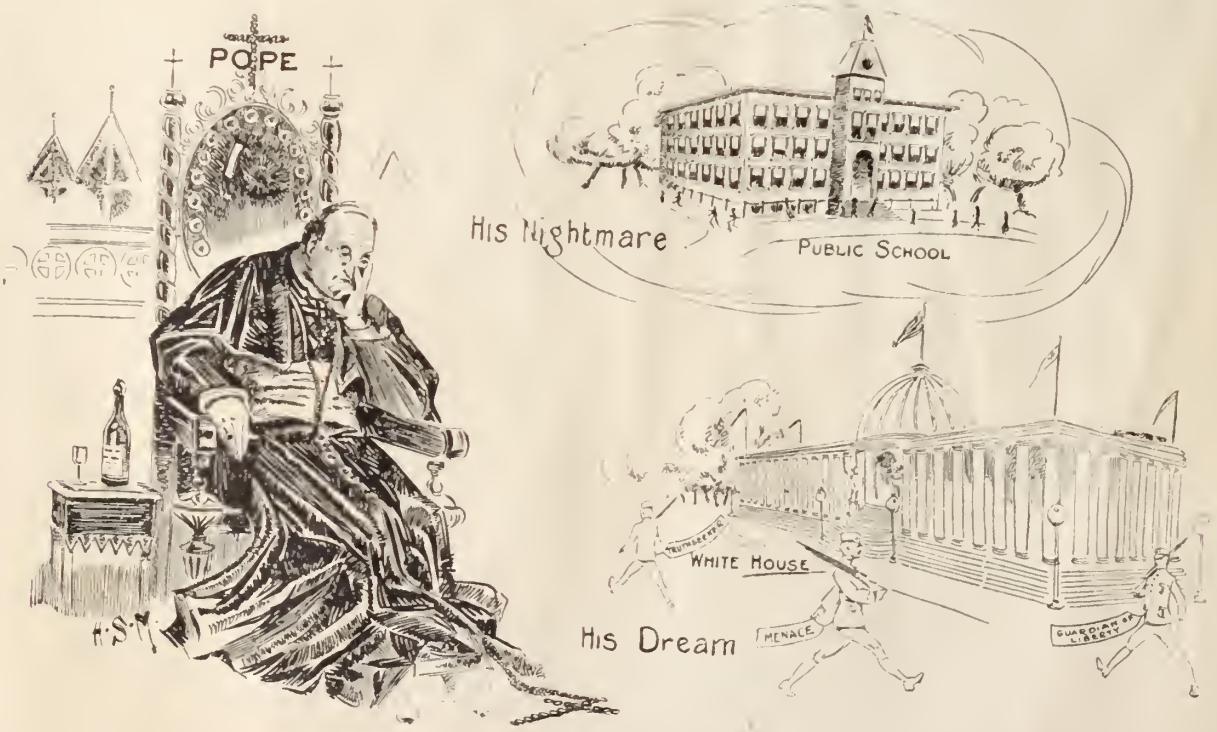
Study these Cartoons carefully: there will be something new in them every time you look them over. Digest thoroughly the articles and pointed paragraphs. Read each of those striking sentences which are a blow to papal hypocrisy. They are sermons in themselves.

Let us come closer together, men. Let us unite our forces. Our enemy—the enemy of our public schools, our free institutions, our constitution, and the priceless jewels of our home—our BOYS and GIRLS—is united as one great Unit. Let us arrange to give the widest publicity to this great question—the question of the day. Give it such a tremendous agitation that it will not longer be ignored.

That the "MENACE CARTOONS, FUN AND FACTS" will have its weight in convincing the American people that Romanism IS the most dangerous foe which the world has ever known, that it will induce them to investigate for themselves, and weigh these facts in the light of History and Reason, is the desire and heartfelt wish of its compiler and author.

In writing this little book I have endeavored to bring together the best cartoons, poetry and facts obtainable on the subject of anti-papalism, in such a manner as to entertain as well as instruct my readers. In short if I have been the means of causing one to forget their gloom and caused one out of a hundred to laugh, if only for a moment—and at the same time think deeply on the subject matter contained herein—my work will not have been in vain.

BRUCE MALCOLM PHELPS.



A BIRD OF COL(E)OR.

NOW JUST SUPPOSE

Suppose Pat Flaherty should die and had left five hundred dollars to be paid to the priest to pray his soul out of purgatory. Suppose that the priest was notified to get busy and pray the said Pat out of the purgatorial way station. Again, suppose that he did get busy and reported that upon the payment of the money he would finish getting him out, whereupon he was given a cheque for the amount and forthwith proceeded to get Pat out. Now the query is this, AFTER GETTING SAID PAT OUT, the priest should present the cheque and have it turned down, would he send Pat back to purgatory or would it be hell for Pat? And again, suppose that the priest could not prove that he had gotten Pat out of purgatory, could the law compel him to return the money or go to jail for receiving money under false pretenses?

PRIEST'S POINTERS.

* * *

Knowledge is Power if they *know it* about their easy victims.

* * *

Silly women never see any faults in the priests.

* * *

Don't preach to me about a heaven "OVER-YONDER" until those who do the preaching kick the devil out of control DOWN HERE.

U.S: IF YOU BREAK MY LAWS, I WILL BREAK YOUR NECK!
YOU HEAR ME?

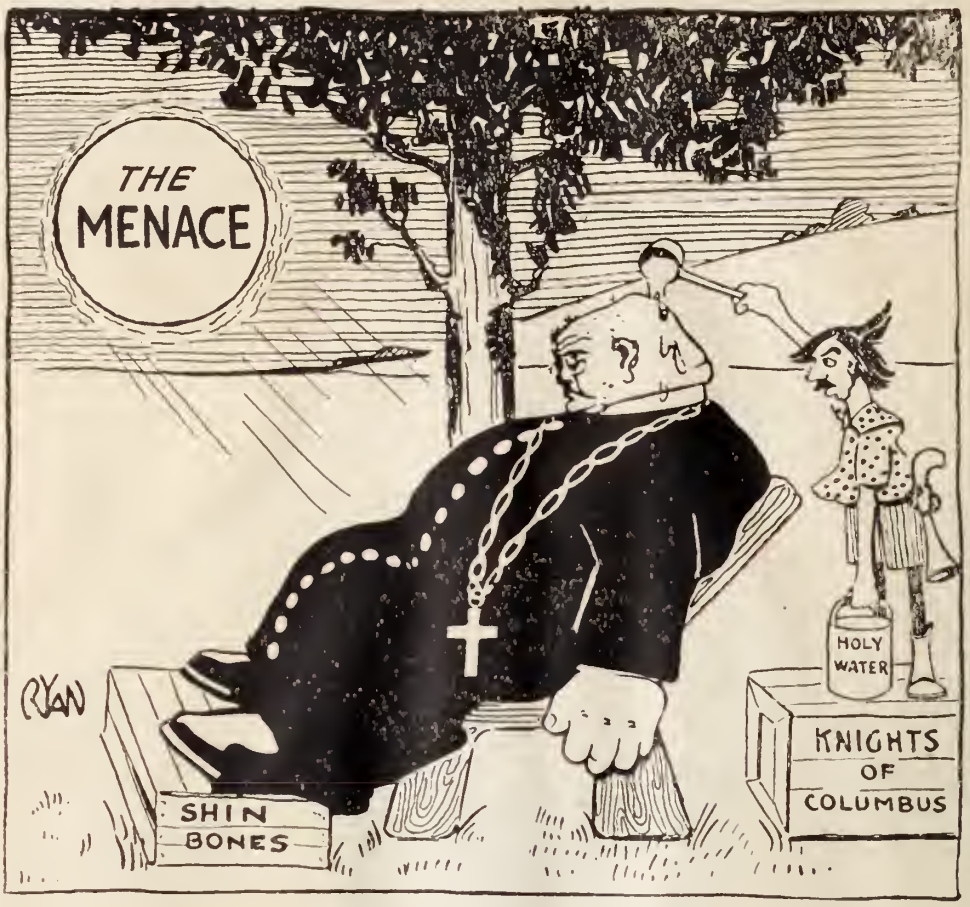
THE SWATTING OF THE HORNED BEAST.

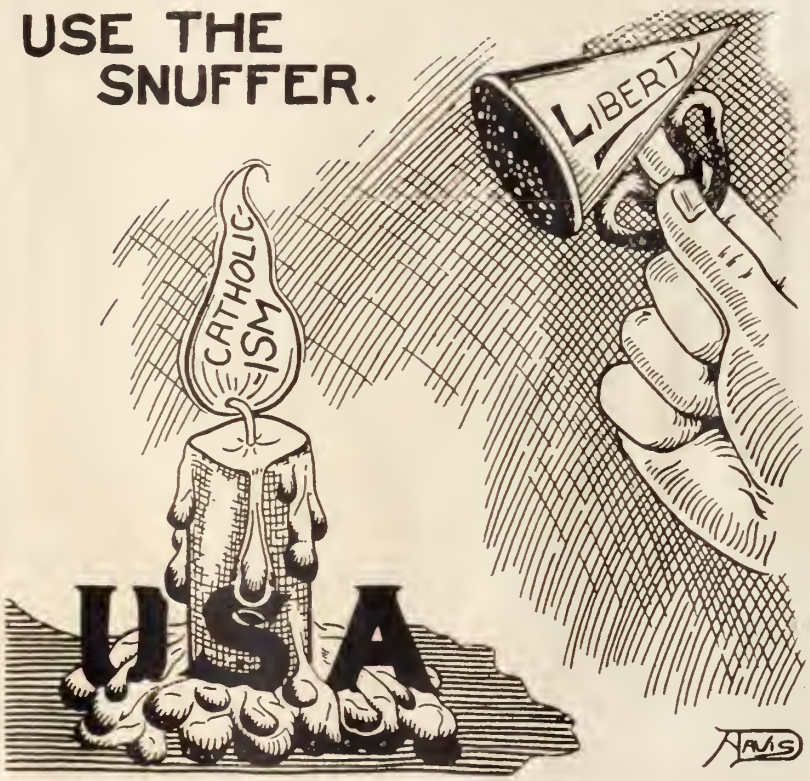
Gumshoe James, alias Gibbons,
Chloroformed the office crews,
Jotumulty held the ribbons,
Told Hierarchy all the news.

Uncle Sam & Co. sleeping,
Jesuit watchers keeping tab,
While the Papal Beast went creeping,
Up to take the final grab.

Consternation rends the plotters,
Cardy Jim his clergy warns,
Holy Daddies scoot like trotters,
AS THE MENACE SAWS HIS HORNS.

—J. O. Frazier.

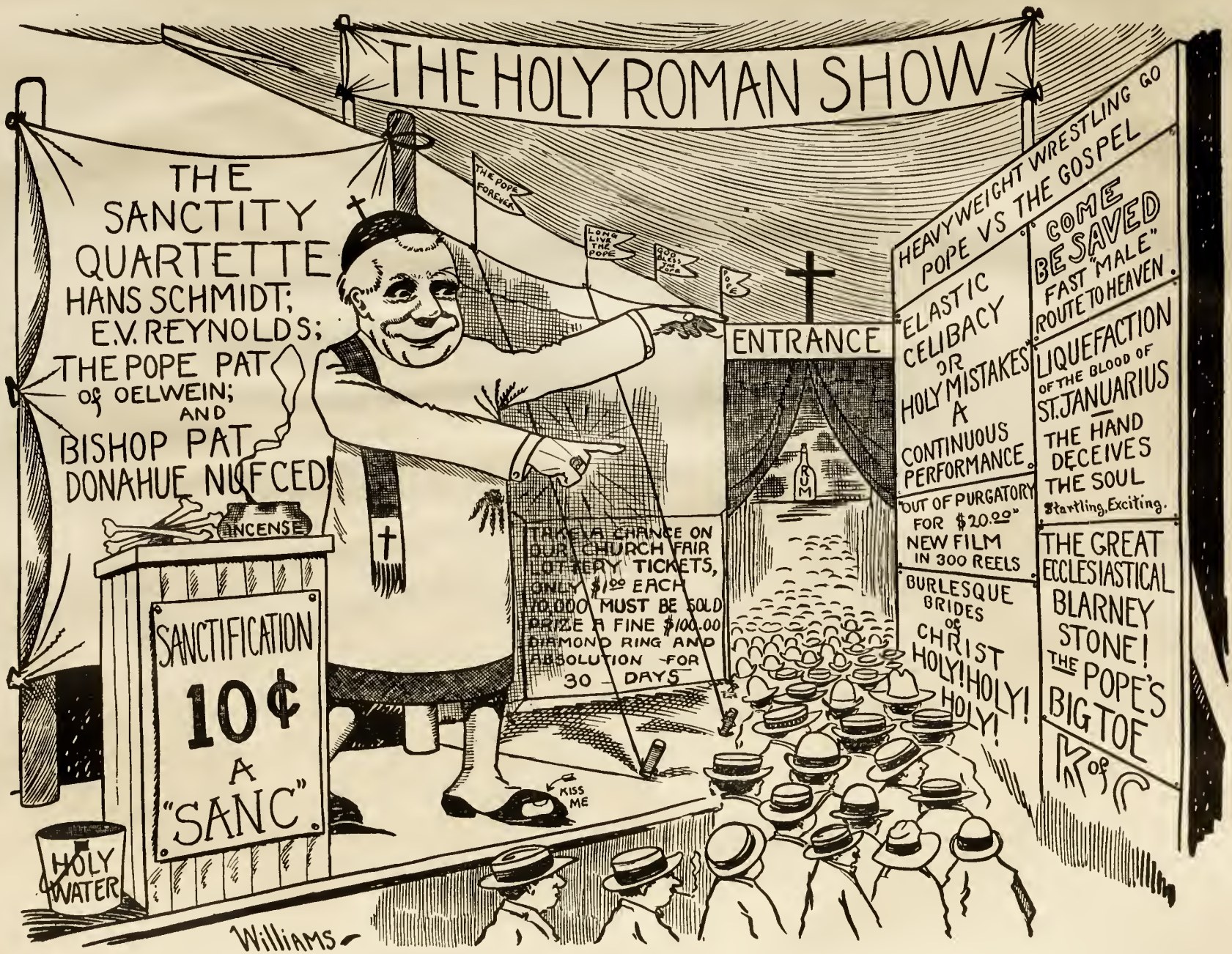


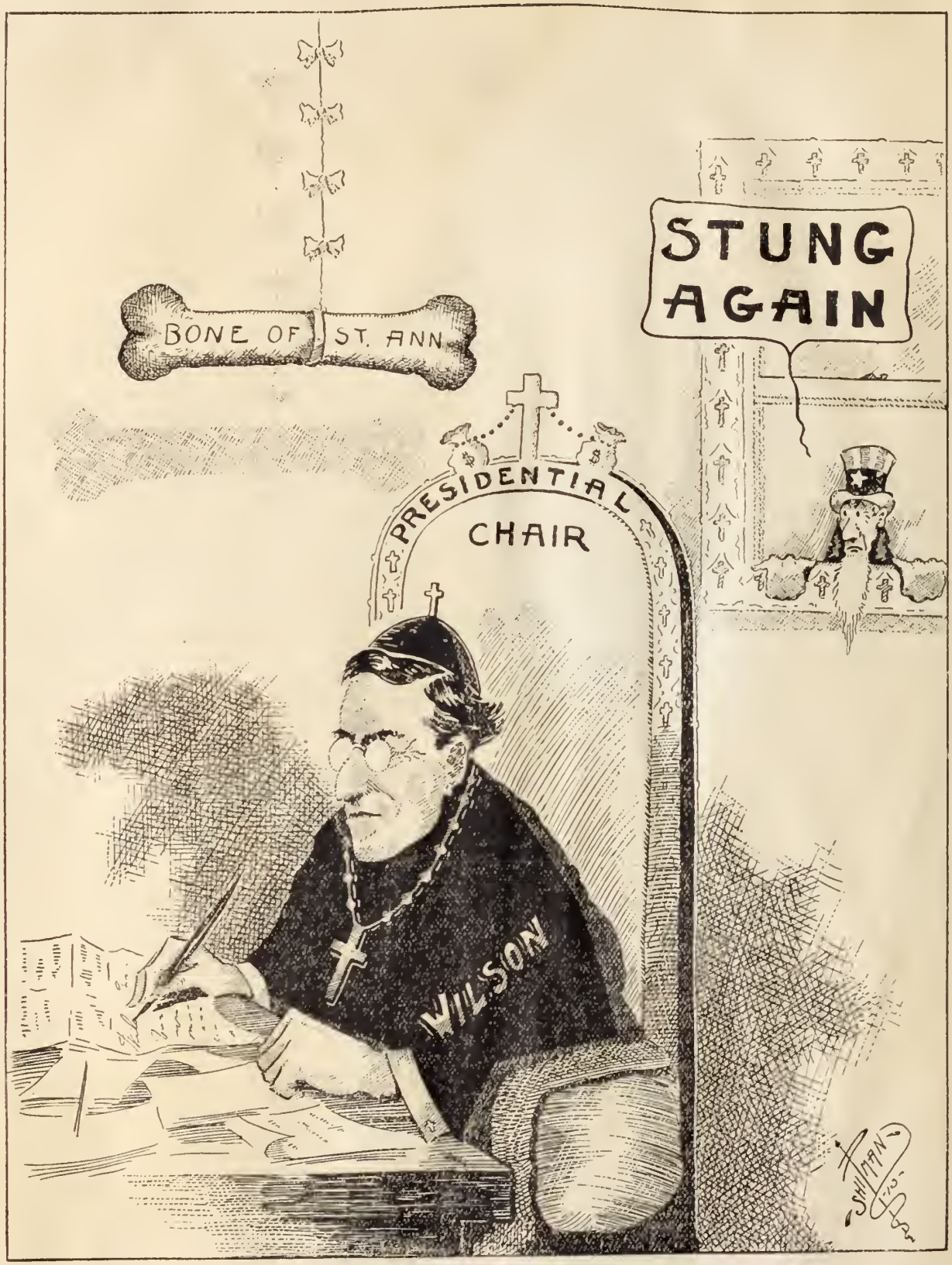


God gave us this earth, but we have to fight for liberty.

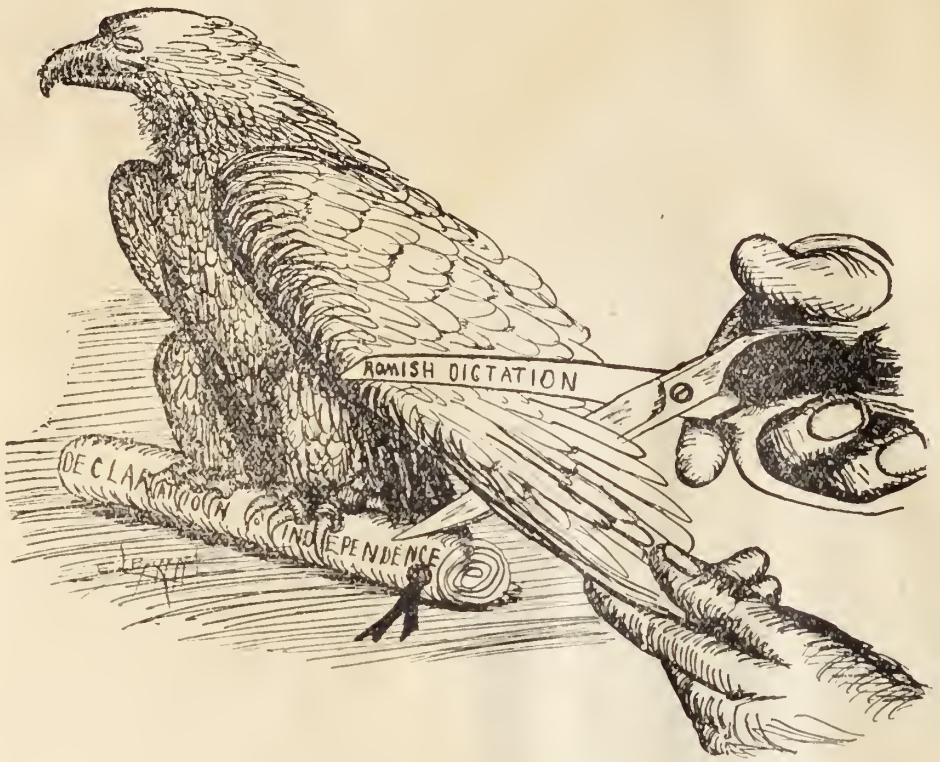
* * *

"It is hard telling which loves a bone the best—a dog or a Catholic."


THE HOLY ROMAN SHOW
THE SANCTITY QUARTETTE
HANS SCHMIDT;
E.V. REYNOLDS;
THE POPE PAT
OF OELWEIN;
AND
BISHOP PAT
DONAHUE NUFCED!
THE POPE FOREVER
LONG LIVE THE POPE
ENTRANCE
INCENSE
SANCTIFICATION
10¢
A
"SANC"
HOLY WATER
KISS ME
TAKE A CHANCE ON OUR CHURCH FAIR LOTTERY TICKETS, ONLY $1.00 EACH 10,000 MUST BE SOLD PRIZE A FINE $100.00 DIAMOND RING AND ABSOLUTION FOR 30 DAYS
RUM
HEAVYWEIGHT WRESTLING GO POPE VS THE GOSPEL
ELASTIC CELIBACY OR HOLY MISTAKES A CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE
COME BE SAVED FAST "MALE" ROUTE TO HEAVEN
LIQUEFACTION OF THE BLOOD OF ST. JANUARIUS
THE HAND DECEIVES THE SOUL
Startling, Exciting.
"OUT OF PURGATORY FOR $20.00" NEW FILM IN 300 REELS
THE GREAT ECCLESIASTICAL BLARNEY STONE!
BURLESQUE BRIDES OF CHRIST
HOLY! HOLY! HOLY!
THE POPE'S BIG TOE
K of C
Williams


BONE OF ST. ANN
STUNG AGAIN
PRESIDENTIAL CHAIR
WILSON

What right have we to furnish funds for private schools just because a comparative few of our citizens think our public schools unfit? We consider the public schools good enough for any child born under the American flag. The Menace is sounding the alarm and awakening the people to the above facts.



The Patriot Army

(Air—Goodbye, My Lover, Goodbye.)

There's armies ready, our land to defend,
Goodbye, kind "father" goodbye;
Millions strong of patriotic men,
Goodbye, old "father" goodbye.

CHORUS.
Bye, father, bye-oh,
Bye, father, bye-oh,
Bye, father, bye-oh,
Goodbye, old father, goodbye.

These millions true will never yield,
Goodbye, sir bishop, goodbye;
But will live and die on freedom's field,
Goodbye, mister bishop, goodbye.

CHORUS.
Bye, bishop, bye-oh,
Bye, bishop, bye-oh,
Bye, bishop, bye-oh,
Goodbye, little bishop, goodbye.

They have no use for any kind of a prince,
Goodbye, card Gibbons, goodbye;
Nor in un-Americans ways pleasure evince,
So Farley and O'Connell, goodbye.

CHORUS.
Bye, cardinal, bye-oh,
Bye, cardinal, bye-oh,
Bye, cardinal, bye-oh,
You're in the discard—goodbye.

For America never will come under the pope,
Goodbye, oh papa, goodbye;
The very idea is a monstrous joke,
Goodbye, little papa, goodbye.

CHORUS.
Bye, papa, bye-oh,
Bye, papa, bye-oh,
Bye, papa, bye-oh,
Goodbye, old papa, goodbye.

Ye Knights of Columbus get out of the way,
Goodbye Columboast, goodbye;
Your puffing and blowing won't carry the day,
Goodbye Columboast, goodbye.

CHORUS.
Bye, K. C.'s, bye-oh,
Bye, K. C.'s, bye-oh,
Bye, K. C.'s, bye-oh,
Goodbye, Columbuses, goodbye.

'Twould be best for you to quit the race,
Goodbye, little Nites, goodbye;
If you quiet down, you can save your face,
Goodbye, Catholic Nites, goodbye.

CHORUS.
Bye, Niteys, bye-oh,
Bye, Niteys, bye-oh,
Bye, Niteys, bye-oh,
Goodbye "nites," goodbye.

How about the public school? They may be next.

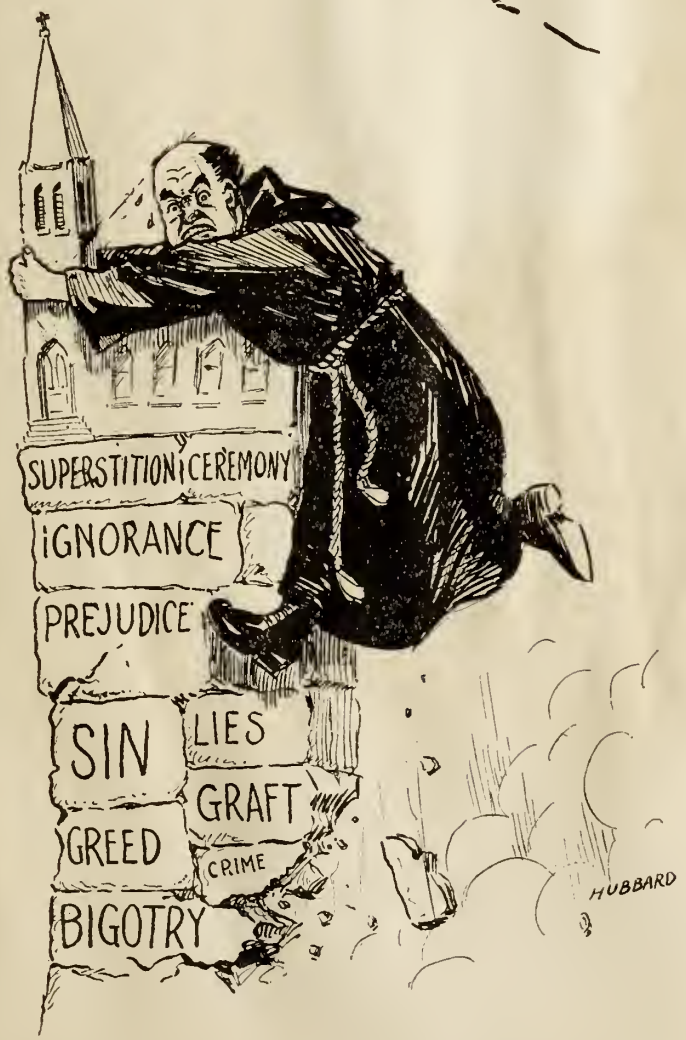
Tum, Tum, Tumulty, Tum,
A press agent's spiel, and a big bass drum;
Giving account in all the papers,
Of this chief of all political fakirs.
Who imagines himself a ten-inch gun,
This Tum, Tum, Tumulty Tum.

Tum, Tum, Tumulty, Tum,
An assistant president, and then some;
If it wasn't for him we'd be at a loss,
To find a man for a president's boss.
A wonderful man is this "hop o' my Thumb,"
Tum, Tum, Tumulty Tum.

Tum, Tum, Tumulty, Tum,
With wonder and surprise we surely are dumb;
That anywhere between Beersheba and Dan,
Our country could find such a remarkable man.
Yet the time will come, when the nation will be done,
With Tum, Tum, Tumulty Tum. S. G. B.

CERTAINLY THIS IS NOT THE CATHOLIC WOMAN
IN HIS LATEST
CARD O'CONNELL
Boston
STORM
SUCCESS
A.P.A.

Have Your Wife or Sister Tell It to Father



Liberty of Conscience

By POPE PIUS IX.

"Liberty of conscience is a perverse opinion diffused by fraudulent endeavors of infidels.

"It is a corrupt fountain, a folly, a poisonous error.

"It is an injury to the church and the state, vaunted with shameless impudence, as becoming to religion.

"It is the liberty of error and the death of the soul.

"It is the abyss, the smoke whereof darkens the sun, and the locusts out of which lay waste the earth.

"The liberty of the press is an evil liberty, never sufficiently execrated and abhorred.

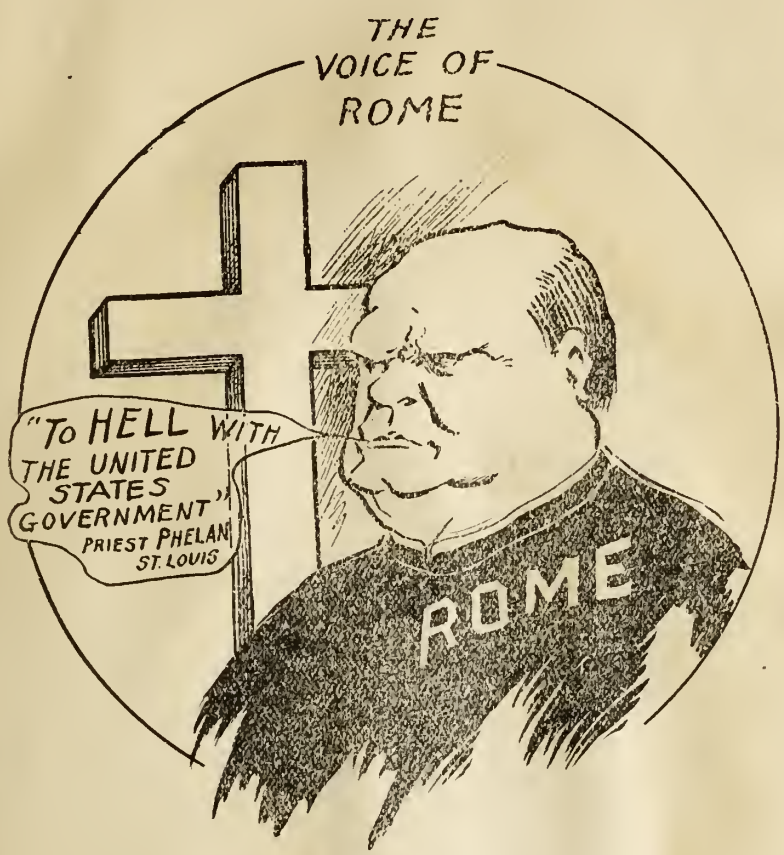
"It is an extravagance of doctrines, and a portentious monstrosity of errors, at which we are horrified."

The entire population of the United States which in 1790 was 3,929,214, has become nineteen times as much today, but the Catholics have multiplied 300 times, as, while they were then only one-ninetieth part of the people, they have now risen to be about one-fifth.

The yearly expenditure of the Vatican in Italy and abroad amounts to $4,000,000, the greatest fraction coming from the Peter's pence, which alone gives an average of $1,400,000, more than half of which is contributed by the United States.

So the United States, with the 6,500,000 Catholics in the Philippines, 1,000,000 in Porto Rico, Guam and Hawaii, has among her inhabitants over 20,000,000 Catholics. Therefore, she represents the fourth Catholic power in the world as regards population, but she ranks first as regards the amount of money she provides to the head of the Church.

So the United States is rapidly becoming a great "Catholic power!"



Little Dimes and Nickles,
Falling in collection pan;
Make the fat priests wealthy,
And the Vat-i-can.

Little boys and girls,
Counting their beads each day;
Run up church expenses,
That daddy has to pay.

Little nuns and nurses,
In the convent stay
Victims of caresses,
Of the priests each day.

"The more taste, the less creed."

* * *

What is Rome without a father?

* * *

Convents are the mothers of detention.

* * *

Superstition makes cowards of us all.

* * *

"A church fair exchange is robbery."

* * *

Hell is paved with priest's pretensions.

* * *

A woman in a home is worth ten in a convent.

* * *

Priests who liv in convents should lock the doors.

* * *

The paying of penitents makes priests smile.

The more of Pope—the less of Hope.

* * *

Masses make the fat priests plunder.

* * *

Little Boy: "Why do we call so many priests 'father'?"

Enlightened Father: "Because so many are, I reckon."

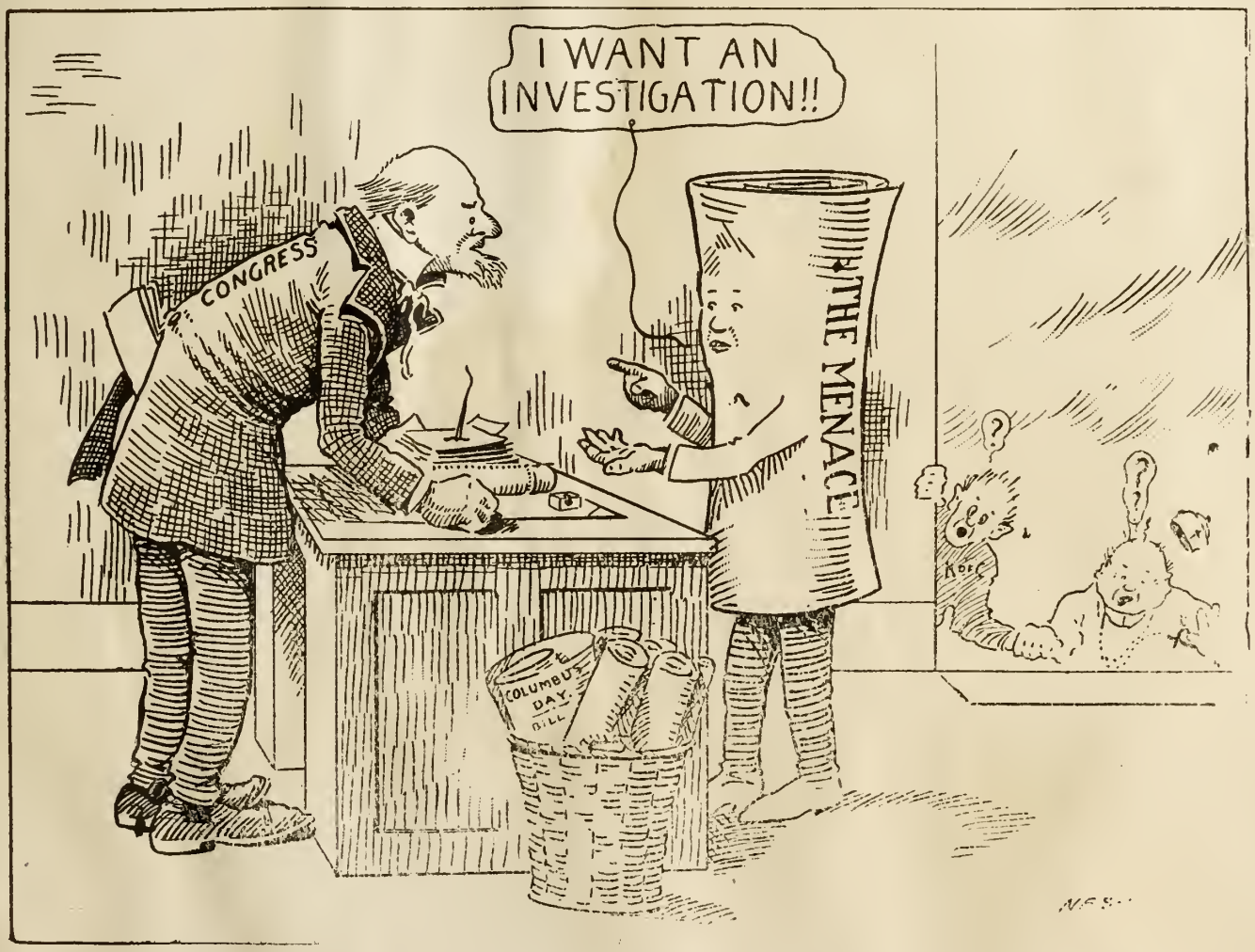
The self-made Christian is often proud of a poor job.

* * *

Think for yourself, open your eyes, and you will need no priest to make you wise.

* * *

Catholic countries are cursed and crushed by popery—called religion. Read their history.



In Menace No. 144, dated Jan. 17, The Menace, in response to the charges of Rome that it was conducting a dark lantern business and that its subscription list was not bona fide, asked for a congressional investigation and defied Rome to prove her charges. This exhibition of courage on the part of The Menace inspired the artist who drew the above cartoon.

UNCLE SAM is contributing more to the support of Romanism than any other nation on the face of the globe.

Yes, more money than any other country, and then some. How? Well, that's easy to see. An army of bishops in a hot race to see which one can raise the greatest amount of Peter's pence to keep the poor ill-treated prisoner on the Tiber from starving and it takes millions of American dollars to do it. Uncle Sam puts up the money and Europe laughs at the gullible old gentleman.

And thousands of priests at home better paid and fed than anywhere in the world. And they get the money? Yes, they get it. Get it from their people for being born and for dying. Get it for being married and for being buried. Tax them at each end of life and all the way between; and your Uncle Sam lets this part of his folks put up millions on the purgatory dodge to help the priests out.

And then the rest of Uncle Sam's family furnish money by the millions to build Roman churches and non-sectarian hospitals, etc., which belong to the bishops and over which no one else has any control.

More millions for Romanism than it takes to run some whole foreign governments. Talk about the trusts. This is the Trust of Trusts, and it can give the Hills and Morgans pointers on high finance all the way through.

Yes, your Uncle Sam is an easy mark. No wonder he is always pictured as lank and lean, and the jolly priests as fat and florid. Sam's pocket always empty and the priests and bishops' loaded with gold.

SERVING THE GOD OF MAMMON

A Study of the Heart of Rome

The Tango-ed Priests

Have you read of the rage, in this modern age,
That's driving the priests insane;
As the young folks dance and the "Fathers" prance,
With tango on the brain.

From North to South and East to West,
Is the Roman Church in pain,
For its ghostly "Fathers" give it no rest,
With their tango on the brain.

Not a word of censure for crime or wrong,
I say this to their sorrow and shame;
That the most they think of is the giddy throng,
With tango on the brain.

The thief and the murderer will ne'er be left in the lurch,
For even the worst of criminals masses are said,
But the poor girl who dances may be turned out of church
By the priest with the tango-ed head.

That dancing is foolish, I very well know,
And I praise not the giddy throng;
And life is too serious a thing I trow,
To waste in an empty song.

But 'tis vain I know to take on so,
And the revellers I sorely blame;
Why drive a whole church into a tangle-toe
And tango on the brain.

Don't worry then at what the priest may say,
Nor let it give you pain;
For its but the rantings day by day,
Of his tango-ed tangley brain.

S. G. Barton.

The Confessional

HE greed of the "holy fathers is unlimted. Nothing too good for them, from the dollars of the rich to the pennies of the poor. A constant stream of money goes into their contribution tank (pork barrel) from the poor deluded Catholic from birth to death. Extreme unction, lotteries, raffles, high mass, low mass, and a thousand and one other means, not to mention sending souls to purgatory and praying them out at so much per, and pulling on the purse strings of the "easy money," indifferent Protestants for support.

A system which claims to follow the divine leadership of the Christ who knew not where to lay his head seems hardly consistent with these over-fed and pampered priests lolling in the lap of luxury, who "look upon the wine when it is red" until their gluttonous appetites are only satisfied in drunkenness.

If the Fool Protestants Who Coughed Up to Rome Were the Only Ones to Suffer, Who Would Complain

Christianity's Luck

From The Yellow Jacket.

It is a mighty lucky thing for the reputation of Christianity that Jesus Christ was not a Catholic priest.

Let us see if Jesus demanded money of the poor unfortunates before he helped them.

A leper came to Jesus to be healed, He went away clean. No charge.

A centurion came for Jesus to go to see his servant who was sick with the palsy. Jesus said: "I will come and heal him." He did so. No charge.

When the poor woman who had been sick for years came to Jesus to be healed, he did not demand pay. He healed the suffering woman. No charge.

He raised the widow's son from the dead. No charge.

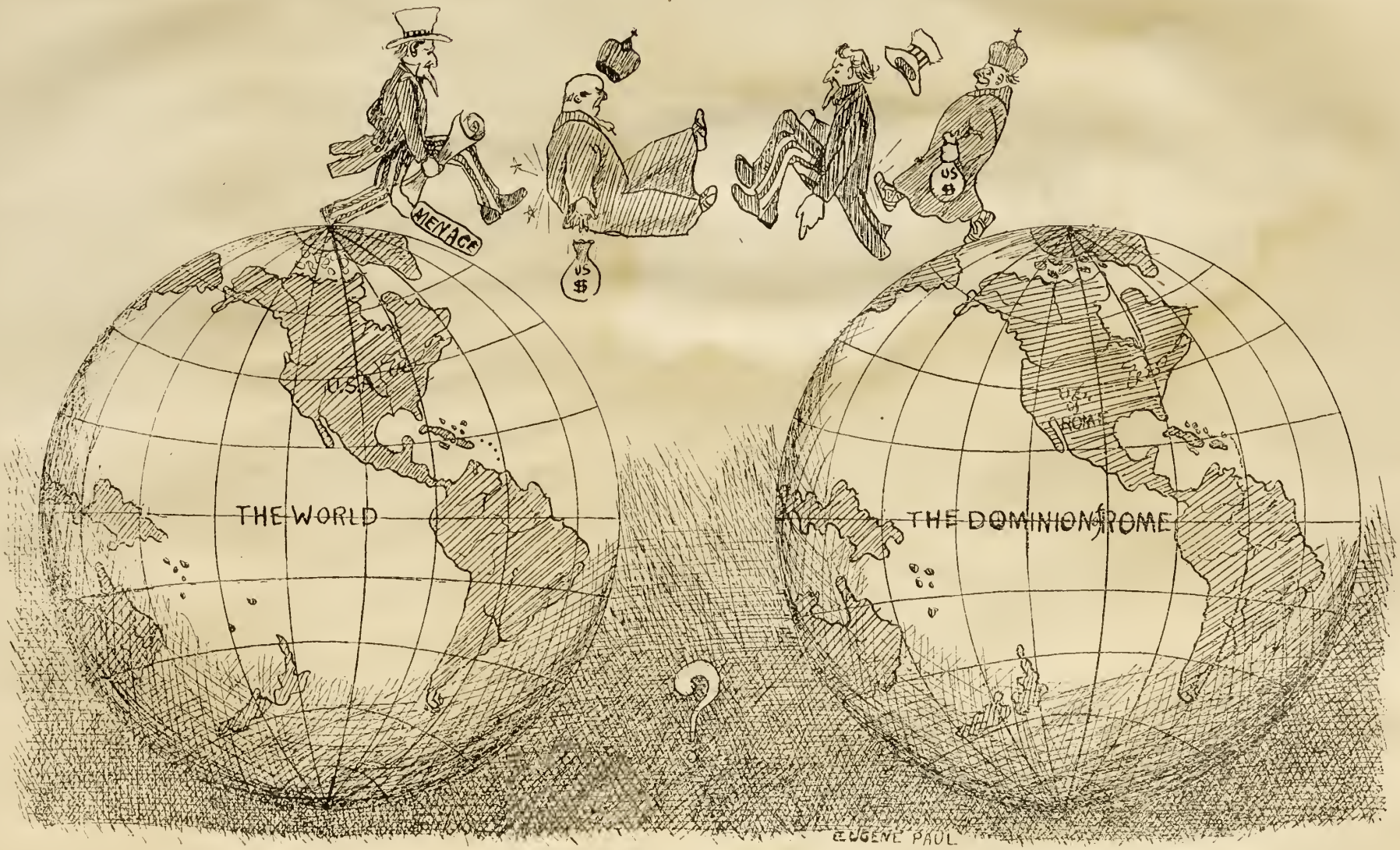
He restored sight to the blind. No charge.

He put speech on dumb lips. No charge.

He cast out devils. No charge.

Then where does the Romish church find its warrant for the outrageous plundering of the poor, the sick, the dying and the dead in the name of that individual whom it pretends to worship as God?

Shall We Control Romanism or Shall Romanism Control Us?



The "Nite's" Soliloquy

Dedicated to the Knights of Columbus.
With Apologies to Hamlet.

To scrap or not to scrap, that is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler in our tender hides, to suffer
The slings and arrows of that outrageous "MENACE,"
Or hike us to Aurora and wipe 'em off the map!
To weep, to wail, to gnash our teeth in rage most impotent,
Whilst every week that "filthy sheet"
Doth come across with insult fresh
To wound our "Nitely" pride.
Ye gods! 'Tis tough. Yet every bluff we throw
Is quickly called.
To howl, to roar, to call on Congress
To sink that "MENACE" crowd in pit infernal!
'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished.
Yet though we wildly claw the air, and call
On saints and prophets, popes and "holy dads"
To paralyze that "MENACE" bunch—we've got a hunch
We only do succeed in making of ourselves a "holy" show.
For paw the dirt and bellow as we may,
(Like frenzied bull, fretted by dart of matador,)
Beseeching with united voice "Ould Mither Church"
To wither with her stern anathema
This slime-polluted, cursed Aurora crew—
All in vain!
Our yelps of anguish mortal,
Piercing heaven's blue, fall on deaf ears.
And though we rend the skies with din infernal,
We never seem to "get by" with the goods!
To fret, to fume, to froth at mouth. Perchance
To get it in the neck afresh.
Aye, there's the rub!
For 'mid the ceaseless rain of gibe and jest
With which earth's vilest spawn delights to pelt us,
We "Knights of Mob and Murder" grunt and sweat,
Whilst gall and spleen, for want of ample vent,
In swelling tide, offends the "Nitely" gullet.
To shriek, to bawl, to cut up monkey shines.
And then for all these weird and fearsome stunts
To only get the horse-laugh, gives us pause!

A Papal Prayer

UR Father, who art in the Vatican, infallible be thy Name; thy Kingdom come, thy will be done in America as it is done in Rome; give us this day our boodle and graft, as we graft upon those who are easy geeks; lead us not into prison, but deliver us from the law, for thine is the "pull," the "drag" and the "dough," for ever and ever---yet.

The wealth of the pope is $175,000,000, but the Son of Man had no where to lay his head.

If the Catholics have the only turnpike to heaven, you'll have to pay some awful toll or go to hell.

THE POPE'S SONG.

I care not for the stars that shine,
I care but for the dollar sign
If you will only give me
Money—and the world is mine.

It is alarming to read the census reports and note the great increase of the number of Roman Catholics on our shores compared with that of a few years ago.

We are harboring in our midst the serpent which will reward us with the deadly bite. We are fostering a vast ecclesiastical hierarchy whose boasted aim is to "make America Catholic"—a political institution, striving in the name, but not the spirit, of a Christian religion to gain control of our government, and to destroy forever our Public School System—the very foundation of our republic.

IN OUR PUBLIC SCHOOL-SYSTEM LIES THE SAFETY OF THE REPUBLIC
FREE PUBLIC SCHOOL
SUPERINTENDANT WANTED
U.S.
SUPERSTITION
IGNORANCE
DESPOTISM
PAROCHIAL SCHOOL AND NUNNERY
EXCOMMUNION
ANTI-SCIENCE
INDEX: EXPURGATORIUS
CATHECHISM
REFERENCES SPANISH INQUISITION
THUMB SCREW
CHURCH
STATE

WE AS CATHOLICS DEMAND A PART OF THE SCHOOL FUND
BISHOP GILMOURS PASTORAL.
CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES RECOGNIZES NO CREED, SECT OR SOCIETY
ROMAN CATHOLIC SCHOOL
SCHOOL FUND

Let those who think Uncle Sam should yield up to the Roman Catholics a big slice out of our School Fund first read their sentiments with reference to our public schools—then see if you are still willing to furnish money to a system that curses our public schools, and condemns them as godless institutions!

"It will be a glorious day in this country when, under the laws, the school system will be shivered to pieces."—The Catholic Telegraph.

"The common schools of this country are sinks of moral pollution and the nurseries of hell."—The Chicago Tablet (Catholic).

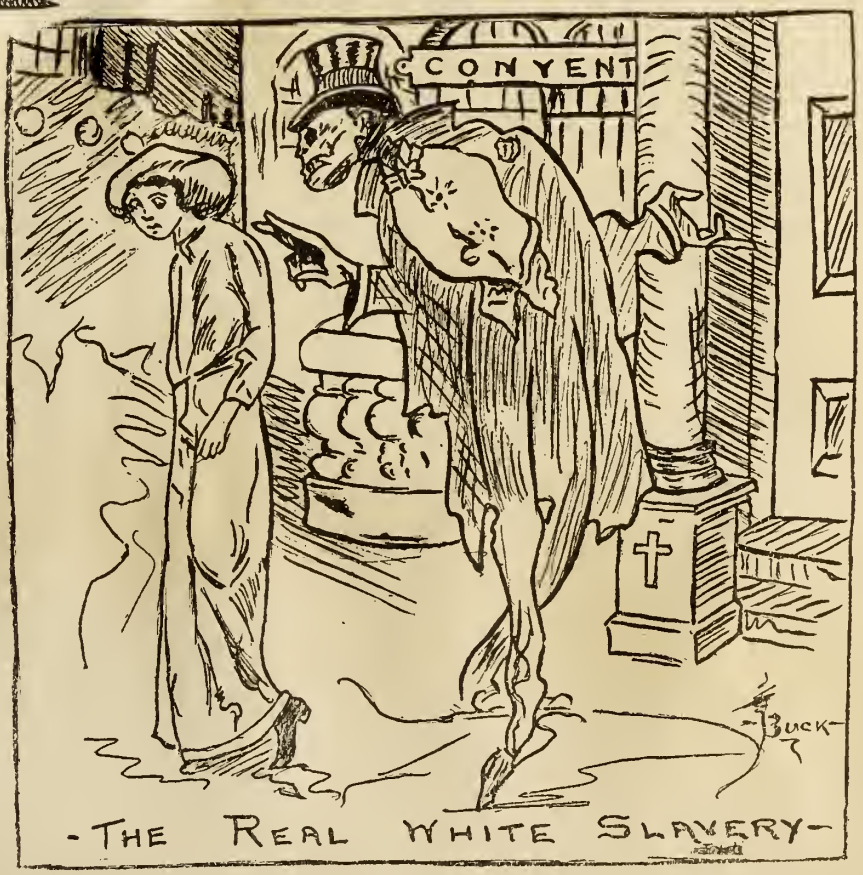
"An imperfect and vicious system of education which undermines the religion of youth."—Cardinal Gibbons.

Keep in mind that the foregoing are the words of Catholics themselves; leading men of the church who speak with authority.

'Nuff said.

Ding Dong, Ding Dong; Ring the Church Bell,
The widow's son into purgatory fell:
The priest pretended to get him out.
And took the poor widow's living.

Ding Dong, Ding Dong; Ring the old bell,
For the old priest at last into purgatory fell;
That he'll ever get out I very much doubt,
For his grafting will ne'er be forgiven.



ROME RULE.
SACRED LIBERTIES
AMERICA
TO BE KISSED
THE PAPACY
$
$
RAY

THE ROMANS

BY CHARLES WALDO EMERSON.
With apologies to James Whitcomb Riley.

Little awful MENACES come to our land to stay,
To wash "The Church" an' Convents up an' put the Priests away:
An' chase the "Sisters" from our schools an' dust an' clean an' sweep,
An' read the Bible every day, an' make the old pope weep.
An' all us wicked heretics, when our day's work is done,
We set aroun' the kitchen fire, an' has the mostest fun,
A-readin' of the Priests an' Nuns THE MENACE tells about:
An' the Romans'll git you ef you don't watch out.

Onc't there was a mighty Priest what left the Church of Rome,
An' lectured on "our public school" and how to save the home:
An' onc't he was in Oelwein, an' Priests an' Knights was there;
They mocked him an' they clubbed him too, an' said they didn't care.
An' when they kicked their heels about, an' turned to run an' hide,
They saw the law, in all its might, a-standin' by their side;
It jailed 'em an' it fined 'em 'fore they knowed what they was 'bout;
An' the Romans'll git you ef you don't watch out.

Onc't there was a Roman Nun who always said her prayers;
An' when she went to bed one night, a-way upstairs,
The "Mother" heerd her holler, an' the "Sisters" heerd her call;
A Priest, he bound an' gagged her, an' he raped her, that was all.
An' this Nun who got away one night, an told this awful tale,
An' THE MENACE tried to find her, so's to put the Priest in jail.
But all their efforts failed, for she was nowhere round about;
An' the Romans'll git you ef you don't watch out.

Little awful MENACE says 'at when the Priests is blue,
'At when the Catholics sputters an' the Knights goes "Woo!"
An' when you hear the whole bunch quit, an' when night turns to day,
An' the sorrows of the world is all squenched away,
You had better mind your liberty, an' try an' keep awake,
An' cherish the "Constitution" for your children's sake,
An' keep an eye on traitors too, 'at clusters all about,
Or the Romans'll git you ef you don't watch out.

POPES and priests have throttled progress in every nation in which Rome has gained a foothold. Oppression and misery has always followed in her wake.

ROMANISM

Would we as American Patriots, Lovers of Liberty and Freedom care to witness the above—Rome's Aspiration? This illustration is but a mere conception of what Rome really aspires to do. Not only would Rome place its cross of darkness and suffering in the hand of the Statue of Liberty instead of the glowing torch of Freedom, place in her other hand the skull and bones, meaning the death of our Free Public Schools, and place it's cross on every building in our cities; but would crush every one and everything opposed to it, and force them to bow down to the Pope of Rome.

We say our answer to this illustration is by all means: POSITIVELY NO—but are we doing anything towards helping stop that which Rome aspires to do? ARE WE? If we are not doing so, then let us put our shoulder to the wheel and assist in the fight.

There is no better way for us all to assist in this fight than to get just as many subscriptions for THE MENACE as we possibly can. Let not our efforts tire. In so doing we are helping in one of the most righteous and patriotic of undertakings.

Instead of witnessing the Aspiration of Rome, let US ASPIRE to see the Day —and God grant it may be soon—when America will be exempt from the rottenness and misery of the Catholic system.

CUBA
UNCLE SAM
PLEASE
TAKE NOTICE
Harvey

LIBERTY IS MAINTAINED BY ETERNAL VIGILANCE

Inch by inch, and foot by foot the Roman Catholic hierachy has forced iself upon us in hundreds of ways unsuspected by the average American citizen. They have steadfastly refused to recognize the merits of labor unions or other secret societies and have openly refused to allow good Catholics to become members of such societies. Yet some of the most active Catholics in the United States today are holding important positions in our local organizations. They are also worming their way into prominence in secret societies of every class or kind for the express purpose of aiding Rome to secure the votes and good will of the members of these organizations and securing all the valuable inside information possible. They are enemies within our very midst. Spying upon every move of the American citizen that they may learn where our weak points lie. They can also act as disrupters of these organizations bringing contempt and inharmonious feelings among us.

It is quite safe to say that two-hirds of the men who have acted as trike-breakers, dynamiters and riot reeders during all the great strikes his nation has had in the past have been Roman Catholics or hirelings of Romanists.

It has also been proven that many strikes have been brought about by Catholic officials of labor unions where peace and harmony should have prevailed had common sense ruled.

"They bite the hands that feed hem."

Our municipal political machine is mostly made up of cheap Catholic

politicians commonly known as ward-heelers, hinky dink bosses, saloon and dive keepers and policemen "with a pull." They are continually putting up "dummy" office-seekers for the easy or indifferent voter to secure for election while the Romanists sit around the political "pork barrel" eagerly awaiting their rake-off from the office seeking victims who "split the pot" with their erstwhile supporters.

ROME DEMANDS HER POUND OF FLESH.

Any school boy who has studied history knows of the vast amount of moral degradation and annihilation of life and property at the hands of the Romanists who stop at nothing to further their interests.

And yet the American people will sit idly by and let a few bull-dozing Catholic politicians of the Tammany stripe run this country from the beans of Boston to the sunshine of 'Frisco, and from the northern Michigan pines to the shores of Florida, and not raise a hand or cry out against this nation-wide dictation of Rome.

Protestants throughout the country who haven't taken the time to investigate or acquaint themselves with the facts will tell you that there are only seventeen million Roman Catholics in this country as against eighty-two or eighty-five million Protestants, and that their small numbers count for little, that there is no occasion for fear, that Catholicism will never have control of America.

As reasonable as this argument may seem it is erroneous. New York, one of the greatest states in the Union, is controlled by Roman Catholics from the government down to the street-sweeper. And the man who is not a Catholic or who may wear a Masonic pin has little or no show whatever in some cities in that state, especially if he acquaints anyone with his honest opinions and beliefs, as he should be able to do in a free country.

This is not a matter of history or something that has happened years and years ago, but an actual fact today. These things are happening under our very eyes. Politicians, who are not Catholics, have recently been persecuted until driven out of office. Excellent workmen, who have been members in good standing in labor unions, have been kept out of the good paying jobs, while Catholics, of less ability, filled them.

In fact it is a common saying among labor union men in New York City that if you are not a Catholic, and particularly if you happen to be wearing a Masonic pin you will get no chance to demonstrate your ability in that city.

Hundreds of these cases are happening daily, right now all over this nation!

It is time the American citizens face these matters squarely and act before it is too late.

Many laws have already been enacted that have proven inimical to the interests of liberty-loving people, and these same laws were drawn and introduced by Roman Catholics.

Awaken, citizen, do not wait until the coils of the serpent tighten more firmly about you.

Do you wonder that THE MENACE becomes more intense in its utterances, more insistent in its urging immediate action, more anxious to awaken the man at the switch because of the oncoming crisis, gathering speed every hour?

EVERYBODY has the opportunity of studying historical and modern facts and figures relative to the percentage of illiteracy throughout the world. It is well that we American citizens pause in our mad rush for the Almighty Dollar to study and consider numerous facts which will eventually lead to the betterment of our social and moral condition. Yea, we have spent too much time in the race for gold and great power, with the result that we have lost sight of some of the more essential things and beauties of life.

Do you know that in Roman Catholic Italy, the very home of the pope and Romanism, that 79 per cent of the people can not read or write. That in Roman Catholic Spain 83 per cent of the people can not read or write; that in Roman Catholic Mexico 93 per cent are unable to read or write, even when Diaz, the Dictator, the wisest ruler they ever had, tried to enlighten the people and put that government in a decent moral and social condition.

Do you as a free-born American citizen want this grand and glorious country of ours to be governed by a system that has such a record as this?

God save America by awakening its citizens to act now, that we may avoid pain, tears, and desolation. If

you do not feel a mighty impulse to do something you had better read again Montague's description of the Catholic church in action—the Curia—the Catholic Cabinet—the Man of Sin—"the anti-Christ."

ROME MUST NOT RULE AMERICA.

Make that your slogan.

DEPLORABLE IGNORANCE OF THE HEATHEN CHINESE. 63 PER CENT UNABLE TO READ or WRITE!
W. W. BUCKNER. ENGRAVER.
8 PER CENT OF IGNORANCE IN ROMAN CATHOLIC CHRISTIAN NATIONS.
IN ROMAN CATHOLIC ITALY. THE HOME OF THE POPE. 79 PERCENT OF THE PEOPLE CANNOT READ OR WRITE!
IN ROMAN CATHOLIC SPAIN 83 PER CENT CANNOT READ OR WRITE!
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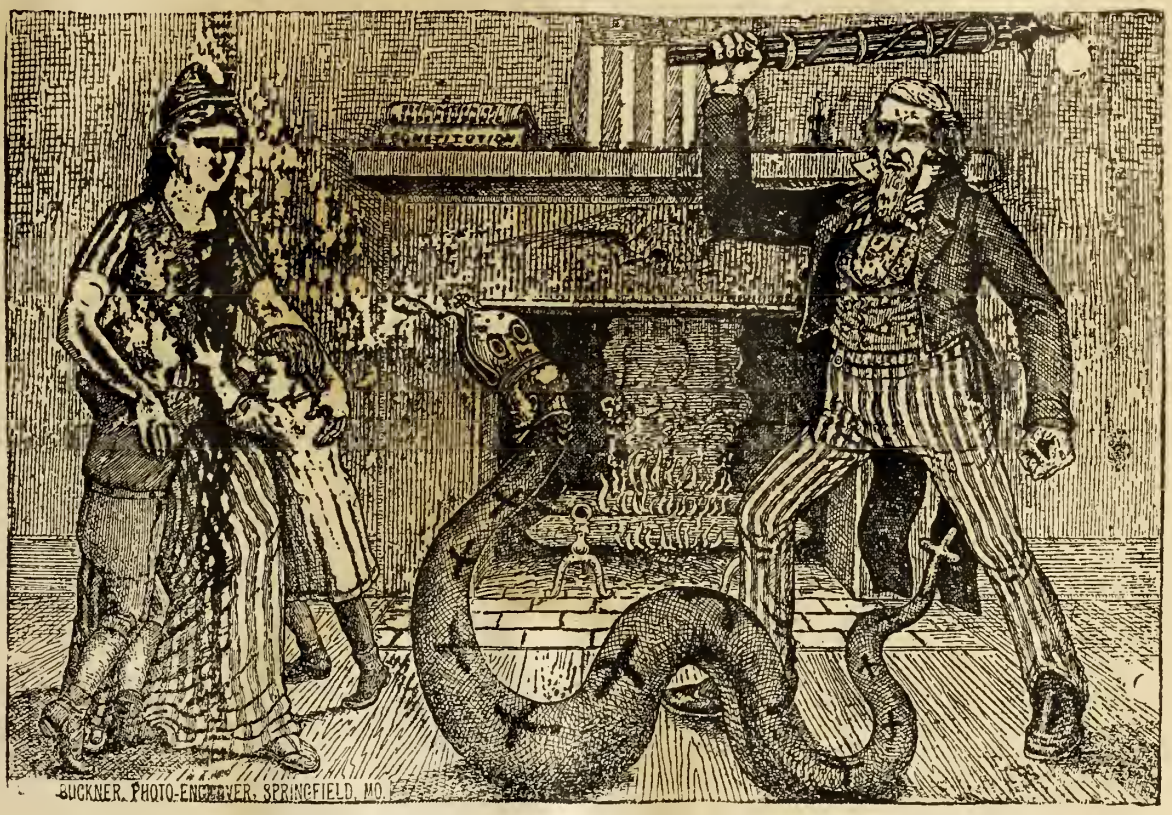

ROMANISM ENDANGERS THE INNOCENCE AND PURITY OF OUR HOMES.

ROME STANDS FOR THE IMMIGRATION OF THE ILLITERATE OF ALL EUROPE.

ABSOLUTION

A Peasant boy of pious constitution
Went to a Roman Priest for Absolution.
"Can you absolve me from my sins?" he cried
"Assuredly I can," the priest replied.
"What price?" the youth demanded, "is the least
You charge for this?" "A shilling," said the priest.
"And may I ask," the lad presumed to say,
"To whom for absolution do you pray?"
"Why to the Bishop," said the priest devoutedly.
"What does he charge?" the rustic questioned stoutly.
"A shilling," quoth the priest. "And do you know
To whom for absolution does he go?"
The priest surveyed the querist with surprise,
And said: "The Bishop to the Pope applies."
"Well," asked the boy, "What payment does he claim?"
"A shilling," was the answer still the same.
"The Pope—to whom does he make application?"
Inquired the youth with little hesitation.
"He prays to God," the priest rejoined again,
Astonished at the persevering swain.
"What does He charge?" was still the rustic's cry.
"Oh, nothing, nothing," was the priest's reply.
"Ah! then," the peasant cried in accent willing,
"I'll pray to God myself, and save my shilling."

CATHOLIC OPINIONS ABOUT PUBLIC SCHOOLS

"Education, outside of the Catholic church, is a damnable heresy."—Pope Pius IX.

"The public school system is a disgrace to the civilization of the nineteenth century."—Bishop Hughes.

"I frankly confess that the Catholics stand before the country as enemies of the public schools."—Mgr. Satolli.

"The public schools have produced nothing but a Godless generation of thieves and blackguards."—Priest Chaucer.

"Swearing, cursing and profane expressions are distinctive marks of public school children."—Second Provincial Council of Oregon.

"The public schools are nurseries of vice; they are godless, and unless suppressed will prove the damnation of this country."—Father Walker.

"They who send their children to the public schools cannot expect the mercy of God. They ought not to expect the sacraments of the church in their dying moments."—Father Walker.

"The time is not far away when the Roman Catholics at the order of the pope will refuse to pay their school tax and will send bullets to the breasts of the government agents' rather than pay. It will come as a click of the trigger and it will be obeyed as if coming from God Almighty Himself.'—Priest Chapel.

THE MENACING SHADOW—A BLOT ON OUR PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM

Priest to dying man---"Your sins are forgiven now, and heaven will be yours!"---but your money is ours.

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY
3 1197 21050 0994

From Their Own Lips

WE take this extract from a sermon preached in St. Louis, Mo., June 30, by Priest D. S. Phelan, editor of the well-known Romanist church paper, *The Western Watchman*, of that city. Father Phelan said:

"And why is it that the Church is strong; why is it everybody is afraid of the Catholic Church? And the American people are more afraid of her than any people of the world. Why are they afraid of the Catholic Church? They know what the Catholic Church means. It means all the Catholics of the world; not of one country, or two countries, but all the countries of the world.

"And it means more than that; it means that the Catholics of the world love the Church more than anything else, that the CATHOLICS OF THE WORLD LOVE THE CHURCH MORE THAN THEY DO THEIR OWN GOVERNMENTS, MORE THAN THEY DO THEIR OWN NATION, more than they do their own people, more than they do their own fortunes, more than they do their own selves.

"We of the Catholic Church are ready to go to the death for the Church. Under God, she is the supreme object of our worship. Tell us that we think more of the Church than we do of the United States; of course we do. Tell us we are Catholics first and Americans or Englishmen afterward; of course we are.

"Tell us, in the conflict between the Church and the civil government we take the side of the Church; of course we do. Why, if the government of the United States were at war with the Church we would say tomorrow, TO HELL WITH THE GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES; and if the Church and all the governments of the world were at war we would say, TO HELL WITH ALL THE GOVERNMENTS OF THE WORLD.

"They say we are Catholics first and Americans decidedly afterward. There is no doubt about it. We are Catholics first and we love the Church more than we love any and all the governments of the world.

"Let the governments of the world steer clear of the Catholic Church; let the emperors, let the kings, and the presidents not come into conflict with the head of the Catholic Church. Because the Catholic Church is everything to all the Catholics of the world; they renounce all nationalities where there is a question of loyalty to her. And why is it that hope is so strong? Why is it that in this country, where we have only seven per cent. of the population, the Catholic Church is so much feared? She is loved by all her children and feared by everybody.

"Why is it the Pope is such a tremendous power? Why, the Pope is the ruler of the world. All the emperors, all the kings, all the princes, all the presidents of the world today are as these altar boys of mine. The Pope is the ruler of the world. Why? Because he is the ruler of the Catholics of the world, the Catholics of all the world; and the Catholics of all the world would die for the rights of the Pope. He is the head of the Church, and they would die for the Church.

"And the Church is the Church of Jesus Christ, and they need not have any misgivings on that score; there need be no misconceptions there—the Catholics of the world are Catholics first and always; they are Americans, they are Germans, they are French, or they are English afterward."

THE MENACE

The greatest anti-Catholic paper in existence.

The paper that has attained over a MILLION AND A QUARTER circulation in less than three years!

No other newspaper has ever been known to get so large a circulation in so short a time, and this without paid solicitors or premiums.

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To propagate and arouse patriotism.

Defend and perpetuate American ideals of liberty and freedom.

Stay the hand of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in its political intrigues and avowed purpose of paganizing America and making her a Catholic Nation!

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